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EXERCISES

IN

READING AND RECITATION,

REDUCED TO THE SYSTEM OF NOTATION,

AS EXPLAINED IN HIS LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION.

1972

BY DR. JONATHAN BARBER.

York, Pa.

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EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the sixteenth day of August, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1825, Doctor Jonathan Barber, and Calvin Mason, Esq. of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:

SEAL.

"Exercises in Reading and Recitation, reduced to the System of Notation, as explained in his Lectures on the Science and Practice of Elocution. By Dr. Jonathan Barber."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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PREFACE.

The following work is offered to the public, as a practical exhibition of the principles of the Science of Elocution, as demonstrated in my public lectures: and, as a certain and easy means of teaching the correct, forcible, and harmonious delivery of written language. The following explanation will enable any teacher to use this Book in his class; and I feel entire confidence, that if once tried, it will not be afterwards relinquished for any other mode of teaching the art of reading. An account of the theory on which it is projected, will be found in my "Analysis of some principal phenomena of spoken language, as contradistinguished from graphic composition, with a view to the improvement of reading and public speaking." In that work, as in my lectures, it is shown, that oral language, whether consisting of prose, or poetry, if correctly delivered, is divided into metrical cadences or feet, each of which, ought to occupy the same interval of time in delivery.

These metrical feet, in the present work, are separated from each other by musical bars. | | | A metrical foot is either perfect, or imperfect; a perfect foot must have a heavy and a light portion of sound, and may consist of any number of syllables, from one to five; if it consists of but one syllable, the first portion of that syllable will be heavy and the second light;

the technical marks to distinguish these respective sounds are (△) for the heavy, (∴) for the light.

| All | Wo | From | will, if the syllables be lengthen-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

ed and inflected in the pronunciation of them, exhibit both the heavy and the light parts of a metrical foot: in short, *one written* syllable is *pronounced* as *two.*

Cinder | Temper | Fortune | are perfect metrical feet
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

of two syllables. | Temperance | Fortitude | of three.
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| Spiritual | Consciousness | of four. | Spiritually | of
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

five.

More than five syllables cannot enter into a foot, because more than that number cannot be pronounced by a single effort of the voice without a palpable hiatus. It is not necessary that the component parts of one metrical *foot*, however, should belong to one *word;* as the following example indicates—Capable of af |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

fording | Enter | tainment | In this example, the first metrical foot is of five syllables, but is composed of three different words.

Imperfect feet are such as want either the heavy or the light portion of sound for which a pause is substituted, which is indicated in this book by the musical rest 7. Some bars are wholly silent; and in that case occupy the time of a heavy and light sound. As every bar is to occupy the same time, it is evident that the pronunciation must be accelerated in proportion to the number of syllables, and that, therefore, the quantities must perpetually vary in Elocution, as in music; that while the integral bars measure the same time, the

quotional parts constantly vary, and thus regularity and variety are secured by a metrical division, such as is indicated by the scoring. It should be added, that every musical bar is supposed, in theory, to contain a heavy and light portion of sound; or, in other words, that every imperfect foot is to occupy the time of a perfect one; and that therefore, wherever the mark 7 which indicates a rest, is placed over the mark △ or the mark ∴ the pause is to occupy that portion of the bar in which there is no sound; and that where both marks △ ∴ occur, a whole silent bar is to be measured by the length of the pause. The usual accents of punctuation are not, under this system of notation, necessary to the marking of the pauses, as every pause is indicated by the mark 7; but they have been retained as indicative of the inflections; as it has been found that they guide the vocal organs in forming these correctly.

Oral language then consists of a succession of heavy and light syllables, with such pauses as are necessary to facility of respiration, and the indication of the sense; and it is absolutely subject to measure, which may be beat, as in music. The progress of the movement of pronunciation, in natural continued utterance, always commencing with the commencement of a foot or bar, that progress is from heavy to light, and not from light to heavy. Such a progress is essential to facility, force, and harmony of pronunciation. If therefore, a line commence, as so many of our lines do, both in poetry and prose, with a light sound, the voice commences its movement, as the foot does, in a march, from the heavy point, as it were; and then the progress, through the line or passage, is from heavy to light.

The result, as I demonstrate in my lectures, is, that the respiration is never hurried, in the most energetic delivery: every natural rest of the voice being ascertained by the measure, and observed in enunciation. The delivery, therefore, regulated by the scoring, may be at once powerful, harmonious, and without exhaustion.

It remains to observe, that a person cannot be taught to read prose well, through the medium of prose alone. In verse, the cadences or feet, are less varied and irregular than in prose; and, therefore, in all books for instructing in the art of delivery, the quantity of poetry ought to predominate. Considerable experience in teaching, indeed, is necessary, to enable a person to make such a selection as is best adapted to educate the organs of expression to correct reading and speaking: if, therefore, this book be compared in the respects above mentioned, with other selections for schools, I request that it may be considered, that the matter has been arranged, not without reflection and experience. Towards the close of the work, the technical marks of △ and ∴ have been omitted, from a conviction, founded on experience, that, after passing through the pages in which they are preserved, the ear will be so far educated to the apprehension of the distinguishing sounds which they indicate, as to render them unnecessary.

J. BARBER.

York, August 15, 1825.

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EXERCISES

IN

READING AND RECITATION.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

T. CAMPBELL.

7 There | came to the | beach | 7 a poor | exile of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
Erin, |
△ ∴

7 The | dew on his | thin | robe | 7 was | heavy and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
chill; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 For his | country he | sigh'd | 7 when at | twilight
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
re | pairing, |
∴ △ ∴

7 To | wander a | lone | 7 by the | wind-beaten |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
hill. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But the | day-star | 7 at | tracted his | eye's sad de |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
votion |
△ ∴

7 For it | rose | 7 on his | own native | isle of the |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
ocean |
△ ∴

Where | once | 7 in the | fervour of | youth's warm
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
e | motion |
∴ △ ∴

7 He | sung the bold | anthem | 7 of | Erin go |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
bragh. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Sad is my | fate! | 7 (said the | heart- | broken | stran-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ger) |
∴

7 The | wild-deer and | wolf | 7 to a | covert can |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
flee |
△ ∴

7 But | I have no | refuge | 7 from | famine and | dan-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
ger |
∴

7 A | home and a | country | 7 re | main not to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
me. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Never a | gain | 7 in the | green | sunny | bowers |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Where my | forefathers | liv'd | 7 shall I | spend the
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
sweet | hours |
∴ △ ∴

7 Or | cover my | harp | 7 with the | wild-woven |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
flowers |
△ ∴

7 And | strike to the | numbers | 7 of | Erin go |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
bragh. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Erin! | 7 my | country! | 7 tho' | sad and for | saken |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 In | dreams | 7 I re- | visit thy | sea-beaten | shore |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 But, a | las! | 7 in a | far foreign | land I a | waken |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | sigh for the | friends | 7 that can | meet me
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
no | more. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Oh! | cruel | fate! | 7 wilt thou | never re | place me |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 In a | mansion of | peace, | 7 where no | perils can |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
chase me? |
△ ∴
| Never a | gain shall my | brothers em | brace
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
me, | |
∴ △ ∴
7 They | died to de | fend me, | 7 or | live to de |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
plore. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Where is my | cabin | door, | fast by the | wild |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
wood? |
△ ∴
| Sisters and | sire, | 7 did ye | weep for its |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
fall? | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Where is the | mother that | look'd on my | child
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
hood? | 7 | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | where is the | bosom- | friend, | dearer than |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
all? | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Ah! | 7 my | sad | soul, | long a | bandon'd by | plea-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
sure | |
∴ △ ∴

Why did it | doat on a | fast fading | treasure | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Tears, 7 | 7 like the | rain-drops | 7 may | fall with-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
out | measure |
∴ △ ∴

7 But | rapture and | beauty | 7 they | cannot re |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
call. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Yet 7 | all its | fond | 7 recol | lections sup | pressing |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| One | dying | wish | 7 my | lone | bosom shall |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
draw. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Erin! | 7 an | exile | 7 be | queaths thee his | blessing |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| Land of my | forefathers! | | Erin go | bragh! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Buried and | cold, | 7 when my | heart | stills her |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
motion |
△ ∴
| Green be thy | fields | sweetest | isle of the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
ocean |
△ ∴

7 And thy | harp-striking | bards | sing a | loud with
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
de | votion |
∴ △ ∴
Erin | 7 ma | vournin! | Erin | go | bragh. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

THE HERMIT.

BEATTIE.

7 At the | close of the | day, | 7 when the | hamlet is
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| still, |
△ ∴
7 And | mortals | 7 the | sweets of for | getfulness |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
prove, |
△ ∴
7 When | nought but the | torrent | 7 is | heard on
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | hill, |
∴ △ ∴
7 And | nought but the | nightingale's | song | 7 in the
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| grove: |
△ ∴
7 It was | thus, | 7 by the | cave of the | mountain a |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
far, |
△ ∴
7 While his | harp rung sym | phonious, | 7 a | hermit
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
be | gan; |
△ △ ∴

7 No | more with him | self, | 7 or with | nature at |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
war, |
△ ∴

7 He | thought as a | sage | 7 tho' he | felt as a | man.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Ah | why | 7 all a | bandon'd to | darkness and | wo |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Why | lone Philo | mela | 7 that | languishing | fall? |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 For | spring shall re | turn, | 7 and a | lover bes |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
tow, |
△ ∴

7 And | sorrow | 7 no | longer thy | bosom en | thrall, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 But if | pity in | spire thee, | 7 re | new the sad |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
lay; |
△ ∴

Mourn, | sweetest com | plainer, | man | calls thee to
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| mourn; |
△ ∴

O | soothe him | 7 whose | pleasures, | 7 like | thine |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
pass a | way: |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Full | quickly they | pass: | 7 but they | never re | turn.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Now | gliding re | mote, | 7 on the | verge of the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
sky, |
△ ∴
7 The | moon half ex | tinguished, | 7 her | crescent
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
dis | plays; |
∴ △ ∴
7 But | lately I | marked | 7 when ma | jestic on |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
high; |
△ ∴
7 She | shone, | 7 and the | planets were | lost in the
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| blaze. |
△ ∴
Roll | on thou fair | orb, | 7 and with | gladness pur |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
sue |
△ ∴
7 The | path | 7 that con | ducts thee to | splendor a
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| gain; |
△ ∴
7 But | man's faded | glory | 7 what | change shall re
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| new? |
△ ∴
Ah | fool! | 7 to ex | ult in a | glory so | vain! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Tis | night, | 7 and the | landscape is | lovely no |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
more; |
△ ∴
7 I | mourn, | 7 but ye | woodlands I | mourn not for
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| you; |
△ ∴

7 For | morn is ap | proaching, | 7 your | charms to
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
res | tore, |
∴ △ ∴

7 Per | fum'd with fresh | fragrance, | 7 and | glittering
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
with | dew. |
∴ △ ∴

7 Nor | yet | 7 for the | ravage of | winter I | mourn; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Kind | nature | 7 the | embryo | blossom will | save; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 But | when shall | spring | visit the | mouldering |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
urn! |
△ ∴

O | when shall it | dawn | 7 on the | night of the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
grave! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 It was | thus, | 7 by the | glare of false | science be
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| tray'd, |
△ ∴

7 That | leads to be | wilder; | 7 and | dazzles to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
blind: |
△ ∴

7 My | thoughts wont to | roam, | 7 from | shade | on
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ward to | shade, | |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Des | truction be | fore me, | 7 and | sorrow be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
hind. |
△ ∴

Oh | pity, | great | Father of | light, | 7 then I | cried,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴
Thy | creature, | 7 who | fain would not | wander from
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| thee; |
△ ∴
Lo! | humble in | dust, | 7 I re | linquish my | pride: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 From | doubt and from | darkness, | thou | only
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
canst | free | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | darkness and | doubt | 7 are now | flying a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
way, |
△ ∴
No | longer I | roam in de | jection for | lorn, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
So | breaks on the | traveller, | | faint and a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
stray, |
△ ∴
7 The | bright and the | balmy ef | fulgence of | morn.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴
See | truth, love and | mercy | 7 in | triumph de |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
scending, |
△ ∴
7 And | Nature | all | glowing in | Eden's first |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
bloom! |
△ ∴

On the | cold cheek of | death, | smiles and | roses are
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| blending, |
△ ∴

7 And | beauty im | mortal | 7 a | wakes from the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴
tomb. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Reprinted according to the original Copy.

7 The | curfew | tolls, | | 7 the | knell of | parting |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
day, |
△ ∴

7 The | lowing | herd | wind | slowly | 7 o'er the | lea;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴
| |
△ ∴

7 The | ploughman | homeward | plods his | weary |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
way, |
△ ∴

| 7 And | leaves the | world | 7 to | darkness | 7 and
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
to | me. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Now | fades the | glimmering | landscape | 7 on the
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| sight, |
△ ∴

| 7 And | all the | air | 7 a | solemn | stillness |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
holds |
△ ∴

| | Save | 7 where the | beetle | wheels his |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

droning | flight |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | drowsy | tinklings | lull the | distant | folds.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Save that | 7 from | yonder | ivy- | mantled | tower |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | moping | owl | does to the | moon com |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

plain |
△ ∴

7 Of | such as | wandering | near her | secret | bow-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

er |
∴

7 Mo | lest her | ancient | | solitary | reign; | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | neath | those | rugged | elms | that | yew-tree's
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| shade |
△ ∴

7 Where | heaves the | turf in | many a | mouldering
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| heap |
△ ∴

Each in his | narrow | cell | 7 for | ever | laid |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | rude | fore | fathers of the | hamlet | sleep.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | breezy | call of | incense | breathing | morn |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | swallow | twittering | 7 from the | straw-built
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| shed, |
△ ∴

7 The | cock's shrill | clarion, | 7 or the | echoing |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
horn |
△ ∴

7 No | more shall | rouse them | 7 from their | lowly |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
bed. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 For | them | no | more | 7 the | blazing | hearth shall
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| burn |
△ ∴

7 Nor | busy | housewife | ply her | evening | care |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| No | children | run | 7 to | lisp their | sire's re |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
turn |
△ ∴

| 7 Or | climb his | knees, | 7 the | envy'd | kiss to
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| share. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Oft did the | harvest | 7 to their | sickle | yield | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Their | furrow | oft | 7 the | stubborn | glebe | 7 has
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| broke |
△ ∴

| How | jocund | 7 did they | drive their | team a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
field; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

How | bow'd the | woods | 7 be | neath | 7 their | stur-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
dy | stroke. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Let not Am | bition | | mock their | useful | toil. |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Their | homely | joys | 7 and | destiny ob | scure, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 Nor | Grandeur | hear | 7 with a dis | dainful |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
smile |
△ ∴
7 The | short and | simple | annals | 7 of the | poor. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴
7 The | boast of | heraldry, | 7 the | pomp of | power, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | all that | beauty, | | all that | wealth, | e'er
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| gave, |
△ ∴
7 A | wait, a | like, | 7 the in | evitable | hour; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 The | paths of | glory | | lead | but to the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
grave. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Nor | you, | 7 ye | Proud! | 7 im | pute to | these the
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| fault, |
△ ∴
7 If | memory | 7 o'er their | tomb | no | trophies |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
raise; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Where thro' the | long-drawn | aisle | 7 and | fretted |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
vault, |
△ ∴

7 The | pealing | anthem | swells the | note of | praise.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Can | storied | urn, | 7 or | animated | bust |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Back to its | mansion, | | call the | fleeted | breath? |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 Can | Honour's | voice | 7 pro | voke the | silent
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| dust, |
△ ∴

7 Or | Flattery | soothe | 7 the | dull | cold | ear of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
death? | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Per | haps, | 7 in | this neg | lected | spot, | 7 is |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
laid, |
△ ∴

Some | heart | once | pregnant | 7 with ce | lestial |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
fire; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Hands | 7 that the | rod of | empire | 7 might have |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
sway'd, |
△ ∴

7 Or | wak'd to | ecstacy | 7 the | living | lyre. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | Knowledge | 7 to | their | eyes | 7 her | ample
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| page. |
△ ∴

Rich with the | spoils of | Time, | 7 did | ne'er un |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
roll; | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Chill | Penury | 7 re | press'd their | noble | rage |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | froze the | genial | current | 7 of the | soul.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Full | many a | gem of | purest | ray se | rene, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | dark, | | un | fathom'd | caves of | ocean |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
bear; |
△ ∴

Full | many a | flower | 7 is | born | 7 to | blush un |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
seen, |
△ ∴

7 And | waste its | sweetness | 7 on the | desert | air.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Some | village | Hampden, | 7 that with | dauntless |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
breast, |
△ ∴

7 The | little | tyrant of his | fields | 7 with | stood; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Some | mute in | glorious | Milton | here may | rest, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Some | Cromwell, | | guiltless | 7 of his | coun-
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △
try's | blood. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴.

7 The ap | plause of | listening | senates | 7 to com |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
mand; |
△ ∴

| 7 The | threats of | pain and | ruin | 7 to de | spise;
△∴△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴∴ △ ∴
| |
△∴

7 To | scatter | plenty | 7 o'er a | smiling | land, |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 And | read their | history | 7 in a | nation's | eyes; |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △∴

Their | lot for | bade: | 7 nor | circumscrib'd a | lone |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △∴

7 Their | growing | virtues, | 7 but their | crimes con-
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴
| fin'd; |
△∴

7 For | bade to | wade thro' | slaughter | 7 to a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴
throne, |
△∴

7 And | shut the | gates of | mercy | 7 on man | kind; |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴

7 The | struggling | pangs of | conscious | Truth to |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
hide. |
△∴

7 To | quench the | blushes | 7 of in | genuous | shame |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴∴ △∴∴ △ ∴
7 Or | heap the | shrine of | Luxury | 7 and | Pride |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △∴ △∴

7 With | incense | kindled | 7 at the | Muse's | flame.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Yet | even | these | bones | 7 from | insult | 7 to pro-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| tect, |
△ ∴

Some | frail me | morial | still e | rected | nigh, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | un | couth | rhymes, | 7 and | shapeless |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sculpture | deck'd, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Im | plores the | passing | tribute | 7 of a | sigh. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7Their | names, | 7 their | years, | spelt by the un | let-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △
ter'd | muse, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | place of | fame and | elegy | 7 sup | ply; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 And | many a | holy | text | 7 a | round she |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
strews |
△ ∴

7 That | teach the | rustic | moralist | 7 to | die. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 For | who | 7 to | dumb for | getfulness a | prey, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 This | pleasing | anxious | being | e'er re | sign'd, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Left the | warm | precincts | 7of the | cheerful | day, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 Nor | cast | one | longing | lingering | look be |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

hind. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 On | some | fond | breast | 7 the | parting | soul re |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

lies, |
△ ∴

| Some | pious | drops | 7 the | closing | eye re- |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

quires, |
△ ∴

| Ev'n from the | tomb, | 7 the | voice of | Nature |
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

cries; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Ev'n in our | ashes, | | live their | wonted | fires.
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△∴ △∴

7 For | thee who | mindful | 7 of the un | honor'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

dead; |
△ ∴

Dost in these | lines, | 7their | artless | tale re | late, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 By | chance and | lonely | contem | plation | led, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 To | wander | 7 in the | gloomy | walks of | fate. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Hark! | | 7 how the | sacred | calm | 7 that |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

breathes a | round, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Bids | every | fierce tu | multuous | passion | cease; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| ʔ In | still | small | accents | whispering | ʔ from
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

the | ground, |
∴ △ ∴

ʔ A | grateful | earnest | ʔ of e | ternal | peace. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

ʔ No | more with | Nature | ʔ and thy | self at |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

strife, |
△ ∴

ʔ Give | anxious | cares and | endless | wishes |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

room, |
△ ∴

But thro' the | cool | ʔ se | quester'd | vale of | life, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

ʔ Pur | sue the | noiseless | tenor | ʔ of thy | doom. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

APOSTROPHE TO THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BURKE.

ʔ It is | now, | sixteen or | seventeen | years | ʔsince
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

I | saw the | Queen of | France, | then the | Dauphin-
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

ess, | ʔ at Ver | sailles: | | ʔ and | surely | never |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

lighted on this | orb, | 7 which she | hardly | seemed
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
to | touch, | 7 a | more de | lightful | vision. | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ▽ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 I | saw her | just a | bove the ho | rizon, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
decorating and | cheering | 7 the | elevated | sphere |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 she | just be | gan to | move in: | | glittering, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
7 like the | morning | star; | | full of | life, | 7 and
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| splendour, | 7 and | joy. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Oh! | what a | revo | lution! | | 7 and | what a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
heart | must I | have, | 7 to | contemplate | 7 with |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
out e | motion, | that | 7 ele | vation | 7 and | that |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fall! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Little | did I | dream | 7 that | when she | added |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
titles of | vene | ration | 7 to | those of en | thusi |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
astic, | distant, | 7 re | spectful | love, | | that she
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
should | ever be o | bliged | 7 to | carry the | sharp |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
antidote | 7 a | gainst dis | grace | 7 con | cealed in |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
that | bosom; | | | little did I | dream | that I
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
should have | lived to | see | such dis | asters | fallen
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

up | on her | 7 in a | nation of | gallant | men; | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 in a | nation of | men of | honor | 7 and of | cheva-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
liers. | | | 7 I | thought | ten | thousand | swords
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 must have | leaped from their | scabbards, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 to a | venge | even a | look | 7 that | threatened |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
her with | insult. | | | 7 But the | age of | chivalry
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| 7 is | gone. | | That of | sophisters, | 7 e | cono-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mists and | calculators, | 7 has suc | ceeded; | |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 and the | glory of | Europe | 7 is ex | tinguished |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
7 for | ever. | | | Never, | never | more, | shall
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
we be | hold | 7 that | generous | loyalty | 7 to | rank
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
and | sex, | | 7 that | proud sub | mission, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 that | dignified o | bedience, | | 7 that sub | ordi |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
nation of the | heart, | | 7 which | kept a | live, |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
even in | servitude it | self, | 7 the | spirit | 7 of an
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
ex | alted | freedom. | | | 7 The | unbought |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
grace of | life, | 7 the | cheap de | fence of | nations,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | 7 the | nurse of | manly | sentiment | 7 and he-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| roic | enterprise | 7 is | gone! | | 7 It is | gone,
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 that | sensi | bility of | principle, | | 7 that |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
chastity of | honor, | | 7 which | felt a | stain |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 like a | wound, | | 7 which in | spired | courage |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 whilst it | mitigated fe | rocity, | | 7 which en |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
nobled | 7 what | ever it | touched; | | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
under | which, | vice it | self | lost | half its | evil, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 by | losing | all its | grossness. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

CANDOUR.

POPE'S ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

7 Be | thou the | first | true | merit | 7 to be | friend.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴
His | praise is | lost 7 | 7 who | stays | 7 till | all com |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mend. |
△ ∴
Short is the | date, a | las, 7 | 7 of | modern | rhymes; |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 And | 'tis but | just | 7 to | let them | live be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
times. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

No | longer | now that | golden | age ap | pears, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 When | patriarch | wits | 7 sur | vived | 7 a | thou-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

sand | years: | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Now | length of | fame | 7 (our | second | life) | 7 is |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

lost, |
△ ∴

7 And | bare | three | score | 7 is | all even | that can
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| boast; |
△ ∴

7 Our | sons | 7 their | father's | failing | language |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

see: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | such as | Chaucer | is 7 | | 7 shall | Dryden
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| be. 7 | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

So | 7 when the | faithful | pencil | 7 has de | sign'd, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Some | bright i | dea | 7 of the | master's | mind, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Where a new | world | leaps | out | at his com |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

mand, |
△ ∴

7 And | ready | nature | waits | upon his | hand; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

When the | ripe | colours | soften | 7 and u | nite, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | sweetly | melt | into just | shade and | light, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 When | mellowing | years | 7 their | full per | fection
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| give, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | each | bold | figure | | just be | gins to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
live, |
△ ∴

7 The | treacherous | colours | 7 the fair | art be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
tray, |
△ ∴

7 And | all the | bright cre | ation | fades a | way! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Un | happy | wit, | | like | most mis | taken |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
things, |
△ ∴

7 A | tones not | 7 for that | envy | 7 which it | brings.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | youth a | lone, | 7 its | empty | praise | 7 we |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
boast, |
△ ∴

7 But | soon | 7 the | short-lived | vanity is | lost: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 Like | some | fair | flower | 7 the | early | spring sup-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| plies |
△ ∴

7 That | gaily | blooms, | | 7 but | even in | bloom-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

ing | dies. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 If | wit so | much from | ignorance | 7 under | go, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| Ah | let not | learning | too | 7 com | mence its |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

foe! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | old, | those met re | wards | who could ex |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

cel, |
△ ∴

7 And | such were | prais'd | who but en | deavour'd
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| well: |
△ ∴

7 Tho' | triumphs | were to | generals | only | due, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Crowns were re | serv'd | 7 to | grace the | soldiers |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

too. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Now, | they who | reach Par | nassus' | lofty | crown, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Em | ploy their | pains to | spurn some | others |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

down; |
△ ∴

7 And | while | self | love | 7 each | jealous | writer |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

rules, |
△ ∴

7 Con | tending | wits | 7 be | come | 7 the | sport of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fools. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | still | 7 the | worst | 7 with | most re | gret
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
com | mend; |
∴ △ ∴

| 7 For | each | ill | author | 7 is as | bad a | friend.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 To what | base | ends | and by what | abject | ways, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Are | mortals | urg'd through | sacred | lust of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
praise! |
△ ∴

Ah | ne'er so | dire a | thirst of | glory | boast, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Nor in the | critic | | let the | man be | lost. | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

Good | nature | 7 and | good | sense | 7 must | ever |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
join; |
△ ∴

7 To | err is | human; | | 7 to for | give, | 7 di | vine.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

BURNS.

7 THE | small birds | 7 re | joice in the | green leaves
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
re | turning, |
∴ △ ∴

7 The | murmuring | streamlet | winds | clear | 7 thro'
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | vale. | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | hawthorn-trees | | blow in the | dews of
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
the | morning, |
∴ △ ∴

7 And | wild scattered | cowslips | 7 be | deck the
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sweet | dale. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | what can give | pleasure, | 7 or | what can
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
seem | fair, |
∴ △ ∴

7 While the | lingering | moments | 7 are | number'd
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
by | care? |
∴ △ ∴

No | flowers | gaily | springing | 7 nor | birds | sweet-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ly | singing, |
∴ △ ∴

7 Can | soothe | 7 the | sad | bosom | 7 of | joyless
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
des | pair. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | deed that I | dared | 7 could it | merit their |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
malice? |
△ ∴

7 A | king and a | father | 7 to | place on his | throne? |
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | right | 7 are these | hills | 7 and his | right |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 are these | vallies, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Where the | wild | beasts | find | shelter, | 7 but | I
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
can find | none. | | |
∴ ∴ △∴ △∴△∴

7 But | 'tis not | my | sufferings | thus | wretched |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 for | lorn! |
△ ∴ △∴

7 My | brave | gallant | friends, | 7 'tis | your | ruin
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴
I | mourn; |
∴ △ ∴

Your | deeds | proved | so | loyal | 7 in | hot bloody
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴
| trial, |
△ ∴

7 A | las! | 7 can I | make you no | sweeter re | turn! |
△∴ △∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴∴ △∴
| |
△∴ △∴

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

COLLINS.

7 To | fair Fi | dele's | grassy | tomb, | |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴
Soft | maids and | village | hinds | 7 shall | bring |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

Each | opening | sweet, | 7 of | earliest | bloom, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴∴ △ ∴

7 And | rifle | all | 7 the | breathing | spring. | | |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴△∴

No | wailing | ghost | 7 shall | dare ap | pear, |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 To | vex with | shrieks, | 7 this | quiet | grove; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴

| 7 But | shepherd | lads as | semble | here; |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7And | melting | virgins | | own their | love. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴

No | wither'd | witch | 7 shall | here be | seen, |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

No | goblins | lead their | nightly | crew; | |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 The | female | fays | 7 shall | haunt the | green, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 And | dress thy | grave | 7 with | pearly | dew. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

| |
△∴ △∴

7 The | red breast | oft, | 7 at | evening | hours |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 Shall | kindly | | lend his | little | aid |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 With | hoary | moss, | 7 and | gather'd | flowers, |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 To | deck the | ground | 7 where | thou art | laid.
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

| | |
△∴ △∴

7 When | howling | winds | 7 and | beating | rain |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 In | tempests | | shake thy | sylvan | cell;
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 Or | midst the | chace | 7 on | every | plain, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | tender | thought | 7 on | thee shall | dwell;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Each | lonely | scene | 7 shall | thee re | store, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 For | thee, | 7 the | tear | 7 be | duly | shed; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Be | lov'd, | 7 till | life | 7 can | charm no | more; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | mourn'd, | 7 till | Pity's | self be | dead. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

HOHENLINDEN.

CAMPBELL.

7 On | Linden | | when the | sun was | low, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 All | bloodless | | lay the un | trodden | snow, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 And | dark as | winter | 7 was the | flow |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 Of | Iser | rolling | rapidly. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | Linden | | saw an | other | sight |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
When the | drum | beat | 7 at | dead of | night |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Com | manding | fires of | death, | 7 to | light |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | darkness | 7 of her | scenery. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 By | torch and | trumpet | | fast ar | ray'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Each | horseman | drew his | battle | blade, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | furious | | every | charger | neighed |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 To | join the | dreadful | revelry. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Then | shook the | hills | 7 with | thunder | riven, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Then | rush'd the | steed, | 7 to | battle | driven, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| And | louder than the | bolts of | heaven, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Far, | flash'd | 7 the | red | 7 ar | tillery. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | redder | yet | 7 those | fires shall | glow, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 On | Linden's | hills of | blood-stain'd | snow, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | darker | yet | 7 shall | be the | flow, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Of | Iser | rolling | rapidly. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 'Tis | morn; | | 7 but | scarce | yon | lurid | sun |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 Can | pierce the | war-clouds | rolling | dun; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ △ ∴
7 Where | furious | Frank | 7 and | fiery | Hun |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Shout in their | sulphurous | canopy. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | combat | deepens. | | | On | 7 ye | brave |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Who | rush to | glory | | 7 or the | grave: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Wave | | Munich | | all thy | banners | wave; | 7
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | charge | 7 with | all | 7 thy | chivalry. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Few | few shall | part | 7 where | many | meet. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | snow | 7 shall be their | winding | sheet; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | every | turf | 7 be | neath their | feet |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Shall | be a | soldier's | sepulchre. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY MONTGOMERY.

O for | evening's | brownest | shade; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Where the | breezes | play | 7 by | stealth, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In the | forest- | cinctured | glade, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Round the | hermitage of | Health: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 While the | noon-bright | mountains | blaze, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In the | sun's tor | menting | rays: | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

O'er the | sick and | sultry | plains, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Through the | dim | 7 de | lirious | air, | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴∴ △∴ △∴

Agonizing | silence | reigns; | |
△∴∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 And the | wanness | 7 of des | pair. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Nature | faints | 7 with | fervent | heat; | |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

Ah! | 7 her | pulse | 7 has | ceas'd to | beat. | | |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Now in | deep and | dreadful | gloom, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Clouds on | clouds | 7 por | tentous | spread; | |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

Black | as if the | day of | doom, |
△∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

Hung o'er | nature's | shrinking | head. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Lo, | 7 the | lightning | breaks from | high; | |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

God is | coming, | | God | 7 is | nigh. | | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Hear ye not | 7 his | chariot | wheels, |
△ ∴∴ △∴ △∴∴ △∴

7 As the | mighty | thunder | rolls; |
△∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

Nature, | | startled | nature, | | reels, |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 From the | centre | 7 to the | poles. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Tremble | ocean | earth | 7 and | sky, | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Tremble, | | God | 7 is | passing | by. | | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Darkness | | wild with | horror | forms |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

His mys | terious | hiding | place; | | |
△ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴
Should he | 7 from his | ark of | storms |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴
Rend the | veil | 7 and | show his | face, | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴
7 At the | judgment | 7 of his | eye |
△∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △∴
All the | universe | 7 would | die. | | |
△ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴△∴

Brighter | broader | lightnings | flash, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
Hail and | rain, | 7 tem | pestuous | fall, | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴∴ △∴ △∴
Louder | deeper | thunders | crash, |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
Deso | lation | threatens | all. | | |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴△∴
Struggling | nature | gasps for | breath, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In the | agony | 7 of | death. | | |
△∴∴ △∴∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴

God of | vengeance | 7 from a | bove, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴
While thine | awful | bolts are | hurl'd, |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
| O, | 7 re | member | | thou | 7 art | love: |
△∴△∴△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴
| |
△∴
Spare, | O, | spare | 7 a | guilty | world. | | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴△∴
Stay thy | flaming | wrath a | while: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
See thy | bow of | promise | smile. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴△∴

Welcome | 7 in the | Eastern | cloud 7 |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Messenger of | mercy | still; | |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Now | 7 ye | winds | 7 pro | claim a | loud 7 |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Peace on | earth, | 7 to | man | good | will. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Nature, | God's re | penting | child |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
See thy | parent | | reconcil'd. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Hark, | | 7 the | nightingale | | 7 a | far, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Sweetly | sings the | sun to | rest; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And a | wakes the | evening | star, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In the | rosy | tinted | west; |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
While the | moon's en | chanting | eye, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Opens | Paradise | 7 on | high. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Clear and | tranquil | 7 is the | night, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Nature's | sore af | flictions | cease; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And the | storm that | bent its | might. |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Has a | covenant | 7 of | peace. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Vengeance | drops her | harmless | rod, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Mercy | 7 is the | power of | God. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

LUCY.

WORDSWORTH.

Three | years | 7 she | grew, | 7 in | sun and | shower,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Then | nature | said, | "7 a | lovelier | flower |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 On | earth | 7 was | never | sown; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

This | child | I to my | self | 7 will | take; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| She shall be | mine, | | and I will | make |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | lady | 7 of my | own. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

"7 My | self | will to my | darling | | be, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Both | law and | impulse: | | 7 and with | me |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | girl | 7 in | rock | 7 and | plain, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | earth and | heaven, | 7 in | glade and | bower, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Shall | feel | 7 an | over | seeing | power |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 To | kindle | 7 and re | strain. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

"She shall be | sportive | 7 as the | fawn |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 That | wild with | glee | 7 a | cross the | lawn |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | up the | mountain | | springs; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | her's | 7 shall | be the | breathing | balm, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | her's | 7 the | silence | 7 and the | calm |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | mute in | sensate | things. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

"7 The | floating | clouds | 7 their | state shall | lend |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 To | her; | | 7 for | her | 7 the | willow | bend; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Nor shall she | fail to | see; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Even in the | motions | 7 of the | storm |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Grace | 7 that shall | mould | 7 the | maiden's | form, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 By | silent | sympathy. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 "The | stars of | midnight | 7 shall be | dear |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 To | her: | | and she shall | lean her | ear |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | many a | secret | place, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Where | rivulets | dance their | wayward | round,
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| |
△ ∴

7 And | beauty. | | born of | murmuring | sound, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Shall | pass | into her | face. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

"7 And | vital | feelings of de | light |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 Shall | rear her | form | 7 to | stately | height; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 Her | virgin | bosom | swell; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Such | thoughts | 7 to | Lucy | 7 I will | give, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 While | she and | I | 7 to | gether | live |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Here | 7 in this | happy | dell." | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Thus | Nature | spake. | | 7 The | work | 7 was |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
done. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 How | soon | 7 my | Lucy's | race | 7 was | run! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 She | died, | | 7 and | left to | me |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 This | heath, | 7 this | calm and | quiet | scene; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 The | memory of | what | has | been, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 And | never | more | will | be. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

MORNING.

BYRON.

Night | wanes, | | 7 the | vapours | round the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mountains | curl'd, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Melt into | morn, | | 7 and | light a | wakes the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
world; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Man | 7 has an | other | day | 7 to | swell the | past, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

7 And | lead him | near to | little: | 7 but his | last. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | m ghty | Nature, | | bounds | 7 as from her
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
| birth, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | sun | 7 is in the | heavens, | 7 and | life on |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
earth; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Flowers | 7 in the | valley, | | splendour | 7 in the
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| beam, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Health | 7 on the | gale, | | 7 and | freshness | 7 in
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | stream. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Im | mortal | man! | | 7 be | hold her | glories |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
shine, |
△ ∴

7 And | cry, | 7 ex | ulting | inly, | | "they are |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
thine!" | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Gaze | on, | 7 while | yet thy | gladden'd | eye | may
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| see; |
△ ∴

7 A | morrow | comes, | | when they are | not for
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| thee: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | grieve | what | may | 7 a | bove thy | sense-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
less | bier, |
∴ △ ∴

7 Nor | earth, | 7 nor | sky, | 7 will | yield | 7 a | sin-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
gle | tear; | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Nor | cloud | 7 shall | gather | more, | 7 nor | leaf |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 shall | fall, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Nor | gale | breathe | forth | one | sigh | 7 for | thee,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 for | all. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | creeping | things | 7 shall | revel | 7 in their |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
spoil, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | fit thy | clay | 7 to | fertilize the | soil. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

THE BATTLE OF WARSAW.

7 When | leagued op | pression | pour'd to | northern
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| wars, |
△ ∴

7 Her | whisker'd | pandoors, | 7 and her | fierce |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 hus | sars, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Wav'd her | dread | standard | 7 to the | breeze of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
morn, |
△ ∴
| Peal'd her | loud | drum, | 7 and | twang'd her |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
trumpet | horn; |
△ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 Tu | multuous | horror | | brooded | o'er her
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| van, |
△ ∴
7 Pre | saging | wrath, | 7 to | Poland, | | 7 and to
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| man! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Warsaw's | last | champion, | 7 from her | height |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 sur | veyed, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Wide o'er the | fields, | 7 a | waste of | ruin | laid; |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴
O! | Heaven! | 7 he | cried, | 7 my | bleeding | country
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| save! |
△ ∴
| Is there no | hand on | high, | 7 to | shield the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
brave? | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

What though de | struction | | sweep these | lovely
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| plains, |
△ ∴

Rise, | fellow | men! | 7 our | country | | yet re |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mains! |
△ ∴

7 By | that | dread | name, | 7 we | wave the | sword
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
on | high, |
∴ △ ∴

7 And | swear | 7 for | her to | live! | | 7 with | her
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 to | die! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 He | said, | | and on the | rampart | heights |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 ar | rayed |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | trusty | warriors, | | few, | 7 but | undis |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
may'd; |
△ ∴

| Firm | paced, | 7 and | slow, | 7 a | horrid | front
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
they | form, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Still | 7 as the | breeze, | 7 but | dreadful | 7 as the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
storm; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Low | murmuring | sounds a | long their | banners |
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fly, |
△ ∴

7 Re | venge | 7 or | death, | 7 the | watchword | 7 and
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
re | ply; | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Then | peal'd the | notes, | 7 om | nipotent to | charm, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 And the | loud | tocsin | | toll'd | 7 their | last a |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
larm. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | vain, | 7 a | las! | 7 in | vain, | | 7 ye | gal-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
lant | few! |
∴ △ ∴

7 From | rank to | rank | 7 your | volley'd | thunder |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
flew; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Oh! | bloodiest | picture | 7 in the | book of | Time, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Sar | matia | fell, | un | wept, | 7 with | out a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
crime: |
△ ∴

Found not a | generous | friend, | 7 a | pitying | foe, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| Strength in her | arms, | 7 nor | mercy | 7 in her |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
wo! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Dropp'd from her | nerveless | grasp, | 7 the | shatter'd
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| spear, |
△ ∴

| Clos'd her | bright | eye, | 7 and | curb'd | 7 her |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
high ca | reer; | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴

Hope, | 7 for a | season, | | bade the | world | fare-
△ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
| well, |
△∴

| 7 And | Freedom | shriek'd, | 7 as | Kosci | usko |
△∴△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
fell. | | |
△∴ △∴△∴

7 The | sun | went | down, | 7 nor | ceas'd the | car-
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
nage | there, |
∴ △∴

7 Tu | multuous | murder | | shook the | midnight
△ ∴ △ ∴∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| air, | |
△∴ △∴

7 On | Prague's | proud | arch | 7 the | fires of | ruin
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
| glow, |
△∴

7 His | blood-dyed | waters | | murmuring | far be
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| low; | |
△∴ △∴

7 The | storm pre | vails, | | 7 the | rampart | yields
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
a | way, |
∴ △∴

Bursts the | wild | cry | 7 of | horror | 7 and dis | may!
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴
| |
△∴

Hark! | | 7 as the | smouldering | piles | 7 with |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
thunder | fall, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | thousand | shrieks | 7 for | hopeless | mercy |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
call! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Earth | shook, | | red | meteors | flash'd a | long
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
the | sky, |
∴ △ ∴

7 And | conscious | Nature | shudder'd | 7 at the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
cry! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 De | parted | spirits of the | mighty | dead! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Ye that at | Marathon | 7 and | Leuctra | bled! | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Friends of the | world! | 7 res | tore your | swords |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 to | man, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Fight in his | sacred | cause, | 7 and | lead the | van! |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Yet for Sar | matia's | tears of | blood | 7 a | tone, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | make | her | arm | 7 pu | issant | 7 as your |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
own. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Oh! | once a | gain | 7 to | Freedom's | cause | 7 re |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
turn, |
△ ∴

Thou | patriot | Tell! | thou | Bruce | 7 of | Bannoc |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
burn! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

THE THAMES.

DENHAM'S COOPER'S HILL.

7 My | eye de | scending from the | hill, | 7 sur |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
veys |
△ ∴

7 Where | Thames a | mong the | wanton | vallies |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
strays: |
△ ∴

Thames! | 7 the most | lov'd of | all the | ocean's |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sons |
△ ∴

7 By his | old | sire, | 7 to his em | braces | runs, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Hasting to | pay his | tribute to the | sea, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Like | mortal | life | 7 to | meet e | ternity; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

Tho' with those | streams | 7 he | no re | semblance |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
hold, |
△ ∴

Whose | foam is | amber, | 7 and their | gravel | gold: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

His | genuine | 7 and less | guilty | wealth to ex |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
plore, |
△ ∴

Search not his | bottom, | | but sur | vey his |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
shore, |
△ ∴

7 O'er | which he | kindly | spreads his | spacious |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
wing, |
△ ∴

7 And | hatches | plenty | 7 for the en | suing |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
spring, |
△ ∴

7 Nor | then de | stroys it | 7 with too | fond a | stay, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Like | mothers | 7 which their | infants | over | lay; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Nor with a | sudden and im | petuous | wave, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Like pro | fuse | kings, | 7 re | sumes | 7 the | wealth
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
he | gave. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

No | unex | pected | inun | dations | spoil |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | mower's | hopes | 7 nor | mock | 7 the | plough-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
man's | toil; |
∴ △ ∴

7 But | godlike | his un | wearied | bounty | flows; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

First | loves to | do, | then | loves the | good he | does.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Nor are his | blessings | 7 to his | banks con | fined, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

7 But | free and | common, | 7 as the | sea or | wind; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| When he to | boast | or to dis | perse his | stores, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Full of the | tributes of his | grateful | shores, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Visits the | world; | | and in his | flying | towers |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Brings | home to us, | 7 and | makes both | Indies |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
ours; |
△ ∴
| Finds | wealth where | 'tis, | 7 be | stows it | 7
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
where it | wants, |
∴ ∴ △ ∴
| Cities in | deserts, | woods in | cities, | plants. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴
So that to | us | no | thing. | no | place is | strange, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴
While his | fair | bosom | 7 is the | world's ex | change.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴
O could I | flow like | thee! | 7 and | make thy |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
stream |
△ ∴

7 My | great ex | ample, | | as it is my | theme; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴
7 Tho' | deep, | yet | clear; | 7 tho' | gentle, | yet not
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| dull; |
△ ∴
| Strong without | rage; | 7 with | out o'er | flowing,
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | full. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴.

EXECUTION OF THE EARL OF ARGYLE.

FOX'S HISTORY OF JAMES II.

7 On the | thirtieth of | June, | 7 one | thousand |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 six | hundred | 7 and | eighty | five, | 7 the | Earl of
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Ar | gyle | 7 was | brought from the | castle, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
first, | 7 to the | Laigh | council-house, | 7 and | thence,
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 to the | place of exe | cution. | | | 7 Be |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fore he | left the | castle, | 7 he had his | dinner | 7 at
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | usual | hour, | 7 at | which he dis | coursed, |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
not only | calmly, | 7 but | even | cheerfully, | 7 with
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Mr. | Chateris | 7 and | others. | | | After |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

dinner | 7 he re | tired, | 7 as was his | custom, | 7 to
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
his | bed-chamber, | | where it is re | corded, |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 that he | slept | quietly | 7 for a | bout a | quarter of
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
an | hour. | | | While he was in | bed, | one of
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | members of the | council | came, | 7 and | inti-
∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
mated | 7 to the at | tendants, | 7 a de | sire | 7 to |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
speak with him. | | 7 upon | being | told | 7 that the
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| Earl | 7 was a | sleep, | 7 and had | left | orders |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
not to be dis | turbed, | 7 the | manager | disbe | lieved
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
the ac | count, | | which he con | sidered | 7 as a
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
de | vice | 7 to a | void | further | questionings. | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 To | satisfy him, | 7 the | door of the | bed-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
chamber, | 7 was | half | opened, | 7 and | then | 7 he
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
be | held, | 7 en | joying a | sweet | 7 and | tranquil |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
slumber, | 7 the | man, | who | 7 by the | doom of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
him | 7 and his | fellows, | 7 was to | die | 7 with | in
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
the | short | space | 7 of | two | hours! | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Struck with the | sight, | 7 he | hurried | 7 out of the |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴

room, | | quitted the | castle | 7 with the | utmost
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
pre | cipi | tation, | 7 and | hid himself | 7 in the |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
lodgings of an ac | quaintance | 7 who | lived | near, |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 where he | threw himself | 7 upon the | first |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
bed that pre | sented itself, | 7 and had | every ap |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
pearance of a | man | suffering | 7 the | most ex |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
cruciating | torture. | | 7 His | friend, | 7 who
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
was ap | prised of the | state he was | in, | 7 and who |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
naturally con | cluded he was | ill, | | offers him
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
some | wine. | | 7 He re | fused, | saying, | "no, |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
no, | that | will not | help me. | | 7 I have |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
been at Ar | gyle, | 7 and | saw him | sleeping | 7 as |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
pleasantly as | ever | man | did | 7 with | in | one |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
hour | 7 of E | ternity, | | 7 but | as for | me" | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 The | name of the | person | 7 to | whom |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
this | anecdote re | lates | 7 is | not | mentioned, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 and the | truth of it | 7 may | therefore | 7 be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fairly con | sidered | 7 as | liable | 7 to | that de | gree
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

of | doubt. | 7 with | which | men of | judgment | 7 re
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| ceive | every | species | 7 of tra | ditional | history.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| | | Woodrow, | 7 how | ever, | 7 whose ve |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
racity | 7 is a | bove sus | picion, | | says, | 7 he |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
had it | 7 from the | most un | questionable | 7 au |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
thority. | | | 7 It is | not in it | self | un | likely;
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | 7 and | who is there, | 7 that | would not | wish
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
it | true? | | | What a | satis | factory | spectacle
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| 7 to a | philo | sophical | mind, | 7 to | see the op |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
pressor | 7 in the | zenith of his | power | | envying
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
his | victim! | | | What an ac | knowledgment |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
7 of the | superi | ority of | virtue! | | | What
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
an af | fecting | 7 and | forcible | testimony | 7 of the |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
value of that | peace of | mind, | 7 which | Innocence |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
7 a | lone | 7 can con | fer! | | | 7 We | know not |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
who | 7 this | man | was. | | but when we re | flect
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 that the | guilt | 7 which | agonized him, | 7 was |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
probably | 7 in | curred | 7 for some | vain | title, | 7 or
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

at | least | 7 for some | increase of | wealth | 7 which
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
he | did not | want, | 7 and | possibly | knew not |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
how to en | joy; | 7 our dis | gust | 7 is | turned into |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
something | like com | passion. | 7 for that | very |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
foolish | class of | men, | whom the | world | calls |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
wise in their | gene | ration. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Soon | after this | short re | pose, | 7 Ar | gyle |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 was | brought | 7 ac | cording to | order, | 7 to the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
Laigh | council-house, | 7 from | which | place | 7 is |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
dated | 7 the | letter to his | wife, | | 7 and from |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
thence | 7 to the | place of exe | cution. | | | 7 On
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | scaffold | 7 he had | some dis | course, | 7 as |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
well with Mr. | Annand, | 7 a | minister | 7 ap | point-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
ed by | Government | 7 to at | tend him, | as with Mr. |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
Chateris. | | | He de | sired | both of them | 7 to |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
pray for him, | 7 and | prayed him | self | 7 with | much
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| fervour | 7 and de | votion. | | | 7 The | speech
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
which he | made to the | people | 7 was | such as |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

might be ex | pected | 7 from the | passages al | ready
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △
re | lated | | | 7 The | same | mixture of | firm-
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
ness | 7 and | mildness | 7 is con | spicuous in | every |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
part of it | | | 7 "We | ought not," | 7 said | he |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 "to des | pise | 7 our af | flictions, | nor to | faint |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
under them. | | | 7 We | should not | suffer our-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
selves | 7 to be ex | asperated | 7 a | gainst the | in-
∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
struments | 7 of our | troubles, | nor by | fraudulent |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
7 or | pusil | lanimous com | pliance, | | bring | guilt
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| upon our | selves; | | faint | hearts | 7 are | usual-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
ly | false | hearts, | | choosing | sin, | rather than |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
suffering." | | | 7 He | offers his | prayers | 7 for
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | three | kingdoms | 7 of | England, | Scotland |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 and | Ireland, | | and that an | end | 7 may be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
put | 7 to their | present | trials | | | Having |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
then | asked | pardon | 7 for his | own | faults, | both
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
of | God and | man, | 7 he | would have con | cluded,
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 but | being re | minded | 7 that he had | said | no-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △

thing | of the | royal | family, | 7 he | adds, | 7 that he
∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴
re | fers, | 7 in | this | matter | 7 to | what he had |
∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴
said at his | trial | 7 con | cerning the | test; | | 7 that
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴
he | prayed | 7 there | never might be | wanting | one
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
of the | royal | family | 7 to sup | port the | Protestant
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
re | ligion; | | 7 and if | any of them | 7 had | swer-
∴ △∴∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
ved from the | true | faith, | 7 he | prayed | God | 7 to
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴
| turn their | hearts; | | 7 but at | any rate | 7 to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴
save his | people | 7 from their | machi | nations. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
| When he had | ended, | 7 he | turned to the | south
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| side of the | scaffold | 7 and | said, | | "Gentle-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴
men | 7 I | pray you, | do not | miscon | struct | 7 my
∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴
be | haviour | this | day. | | 7 I | freely for | give |
∴ △∴∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴
all men | their | wrongs and | injuries | done a | gainst
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| me. | 7 as | I de | sire | 7 to be for | given of | God."
△∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴∴ ∴ △∴∴ △∴
| | | 7 He | then em | braced his | friends. | |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴
gave some | tokens | 7 of his re | membrance | 7 to his
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴
| son in-law, | Lord | Maitland, | 7 for his | daughter
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴

and | grand-children, | | stript himself | 7 of | part
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △
of his ap | parel, | 7 of | which he | likewise | made |
∴ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
presents, | 7 and | laid his | head | upon the | block. |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴
| | Having | uttered a | short | prayer, | 7 he |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴
gave the | signal | 7 to the | exe | cutioner, | which
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △
was | instantly o | beyed, | 7 and his | head | severed
∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴
from his | body. | | |
∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴
Such were the | last | hours | 7 and | such the | final
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
| close | 7 of this | great | man's | life. | | May
△∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △
the | like | happy se | renity, | 7 in such | dreadful |
∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴
circumstances, | 7 and a | death | equally | glorious, |
△∴ ∴ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ ∴
7 be the | lot of | all, | 7 whom | tyranny | 7 of what |
△∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ ∴
ever des | cription | 7 or de | nomi | nation, | 7 shall
△∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
in | any | age, | 7 or in | any | country, | | call to |
∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴
expiate their | virtues | 7 on the | scaffold! | | |
△∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

POPE'S HOMER.—ILIAD VIII. v. 673.

7 THE | leader | spoke. | | 7 From | all his | host a
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| round |
△ ∴
Shouts of ap | plause | 7 a | long the | shores re | sound.
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴
Each from the | yoke | 7 the | smoking | steeds un |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
ty'd, |
△ ∴
7 And | fix'd their | headstalls | 7 to his | chariot |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
side, | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Fat | sheep and | oxen | 7 from the | town are | led, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 With | generous | wine, | 7 and | all-sus | tain-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ing | bread. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Full | hecatombs | lay | burning | 7 on the | shore: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 The | winds to | heav'n | 7 the | curling | va-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
pours | bore. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Un | grateful | offering | 7 to the im | mortal | pow-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
ers! |
∴

7 Whose | wrath hung | heavy | 7 o'er the | Trojan |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
towers; |
△ ∴

| 7 Nor | Priam | 7 nor his | sons ob | tain'd their
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| grace; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Proud | Troy they | hated, | 7 and her | guilty | race.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | troops ex | ulting | sat in | order | round, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 And | beaming | fires | 7 il | lumin'd | all the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
ground. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

As when the | Moon, | 7 re | fulgent | lamp of | night! |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 O'er | heav'ns clear | azure | spreads her | sacred |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
light, |
△ ∴

When not a | breath | 7 dis | turbs the | deep se |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
rene, |
△ ∴

And not a | cloud | 7 o'er | casts the | solemn | scene, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 A | round her | throne | 7 the | vivid | planets |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
roll, |
△ ∴

7 And | stars un | number'd | gild the | glowing |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
pole, |
△ ∴

O'er the dark | trees | 7 a | yellower | verdure | shed, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | tip with | silver | every | mountain's | head; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Then | shine the | vales, | 7 the | rocks | 7 in | pros-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

pect | rise, |
∴ △ ∴

7 A | flood of | glory | bursts from | all the | skies: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | conscious | swains, | 7 re | joicing in the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴

sight, |
△ ∴

Eye the blue | vault, | 7 and | bless the | glorious |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

light. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

So 7 | many | flames, | 7 be | fore | proud | Ilion |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

blaze, |
△ ∴

7 And | lighten | glimmering | Zanthus | 7 with her |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

rays; |
△ ∴

7 The | long re | flections | 7 of the | distant | fires |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Gleam on the | walls, | 7 and | tremble | 7 on the |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

spires. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | thousand | piles the | dusky | horrors | gild, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | shoot a | shady | lustre | 7 o'er the | field. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Full | fifty | guards | each | flaming | pile at | tend, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

7 Whose | umber'd | arms, | 7 by | fits, | thick | flash-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
es | send. |
∴ △ ∴

Loud | neigh the | coursers | 7 o'er their | heaps of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
corn, |
△ ∴

| 7 And | ardent | warriours | | wait the | rising
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
morn. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

HYMN TO THE DEITY ON THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

THOMSON.

THESE as they | change, | | Al | mighty | Father, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| these |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Are but the | varied | God. | | 7 The | rolling |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
year |
△ ∴

7 Is | full of | thee | | Forth in the | pleasing
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Spring |
△ ∴

7 Thy | beauty | walks, | | 7 thy | tenderness | 7 and
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| love. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Wide | flush the | fields, | | 7 the | softening | air
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴
| 7 is | balm, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Echo the | mountains | round, | | 7 the | forest |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
smiles, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | every | sense, | 7 and | every | heart | 7 is |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
joy. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Then | comes thy | glory | 7 in the | summer |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
months, |
△ ∴

7 With | light and | heat re | fulgent. | | | Then
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
thy | sun |
∴ △ ∴

Shoots | full per | fection | through the | swelling |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
year. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | oft | 7 thy | voice | 7 in | dreadful | thunder |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
speaks. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | oft | 7 at | dawn, | | deep | noon | 7 or |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
falling | eve, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 By | brooks | 7 and | groves, | 7 and | hollow | whis-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
pering | gales. | | |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Thy | bounty | shines in | Autumn | uncon |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fined, |
△ ∴

7 And | spreads a | common | feast | | 7 for | all that
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| live. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | Winter | | awful | thou! | 7 with | clouds and
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| storms |
△ ∴

7 A | round thee | thrown | | tempest o'er | tempest
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| roll'd: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Ma | jestic | darkness! | | | 7 on the | whirl-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
wind's | wing |
∴ △ ∴

Riding | sub | lime, | | 7 thou | bidst the | world |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 a | dore, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | humblest | nature | 7 with thy | northern |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
blast. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Mys | terious | round! | | | 7 what | skill, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 what | force di | vine, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Deep | felt | 7 in | these ap | pear, | | 7 a | simple |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
train, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Yet so de | lightful | mix'd, | | 7 with | such | kind
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| art, |
△ ∴

Such | beauty | 7 and be | neficence | 7 com | bined, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Shade | unper | ceived, | so | softening | 7 into |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
shade; |
△ ∴

7 And | all | so | forming an har | monious | whole, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

That as they | still suc | ceed, | 7 they | ravish |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
still. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | wandering | | oft | 7 with | brute un | con-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
scious | gaze, |
∴ ∴ △ ∴

| Man | marks not | thee, | | marks not the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
mighty | hand, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 That | ever | busy, | | wheels the | silent |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
spheres, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Works | 7 in the | secret | deep, | | shoots | teem-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ing | thence |
∴ △ ∴

7 The | fair pro | fusion | 7 that o'er | spreads the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
spring, |
△ ∴

| Flings from the | sun di | rect | 7 the | flaming |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
day: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Feeds | every | creature, | | hurls the | tempest |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
forth: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And as on | earth | 7 this | grateful | change re |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
volves, |
△ ∴

7 With | transport | touches | all the | springs of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
life. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Nature | 7 at | tend! | | join | every | living | soul, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | neath the | spacious | temple of the | sky. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | ado | ration | join, | | 7 and | ardent | raise |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

One | general | song! | | | 7 To | him | 7 ye |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
vocal | gales, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

| Breathe | soft, | 7 whose | spirit | 7 in your |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
freshness | breathes: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

O | talk of | him | 7 in | solitary | glooms! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| Where | 7 o'er the | rock, | 7 the | scarcely |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

waving | pine |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Fills the | brown | shade | 7 with a re | ligious | awe.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | ye! | 7 whose | bolder | note | 7 is | heard a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

far, |
△ ∴

7 Who | shake the as | tonished | world | | lift |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

high to | Heaven |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The im | petuous | song, | 7 and | say | 7 from |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

whom you | rage. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | praise, | 7 ye | brooks | 7 at | tune, | | 7 ye
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| trembling | rills, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | let me | catch it | 7 as I | muse a | long. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Ye | headlong | torrents, | | rapid and pro | found, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| Ye | softer | floods, | 7 that | lead the | humid |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

maze |
△ ∴

7 A | long the | vale, | | 7 and | thou ma | jestic |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
main |
△ ∴

7 A | secret | world of | wonders | 7 in thy | self, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| Sound | 7 his stu | pendous | praise, | 7 whose |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
greater | voice, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | bids you | roar, | | 7 or | bids your | roarings
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| fall. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Soft roll your | incense, | | herbs, | 7 and | fruits, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 and | flowers, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | mingled | clouds to | him, | | 7 whose | sun
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ex | alts, |
∴ △ ∴

7 Whose | breath per | fumes you, | 7 and whose | pen-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
cil | paints. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Ye | forests | bend, | ye | harvests | | wave | 7 to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
him, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Breathe your | still | song | 7 into the | reaper's |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
heart, |
△ ∴

7 As | home he | goes | 7 be | neath | 7 the | joyous |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
moon. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Ye that | keep | watch in | heaven, | 7 as | earth |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 a | sleep |
△ ∴ △ ∴
Un | conscious | lies, | | 7 ef | fuse your | mildest
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| beams, |
△ ∴
| Ye | constel | lations, | | while your | angels
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| strike, |
△ ∴
7 A | mid the | spangled | sky. | | 7 the | silver |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| lyre. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Great | source of | day! | | blest | image | here be-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| low, |
△ ∴
7 Of thy Cre | ator, | | ever | pouring | wide, |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 From | world to | world, | 7 the | vital | ocean |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
round, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴
7 On | nature | write | 7 with | every | beam | 7 his |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
praise. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Ye | thunders | roll; | | 7 be | hush'd | 7 the | pros-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
trate | world, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 While | cloud to | cloud | 7re | turns | 7the | solemn
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| hymn. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Bleat out a | fresh, | 7 ye | hills; | | 7 ye | mossy |
△ ∴∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
rocks |
△ ∴

7 Re | tain the | sound; | | 7 the | broad res | pon-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
sive | low, |
∴ △ ∴

7 Ye | vallies | raise; | | 7 for the | great | Shepherd
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| reigns, |
△ ∴

7 And | his un | suffering | kingdom | | yet | 7 will
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| come. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Ye | woodlands | | all, | 7 a | wake; | | 7 a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
boundless | song |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Burst from the | groves: | | 7 and when the | restless
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| day. |
△ ∴

7 Ex | piring. | | lays the | warbling | world a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sleep, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Sweetest of | birds, | | sweet | Philo | mela, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
charm |
△ ∴

7 The | listening | shades, | 7 and | teach the | night
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| his | praise. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Ye | chief, | 7 for | whom | 7 the | whole cre | ation |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
smiles: |
△ ∴

7 At | once the | head, | 7 the | heart, | 7 the | tongue
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
of | all; |
∴ △ ∴

Crown the | great | hymn. | | | 7 In | swarming
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| cities | vast, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 As | sembled | men | 7 to the | deep | organ | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
join |
△ ∴

7 The | loud re | sounding | voice | | oft | breaking
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| clear, |
△ ∴

7 At | solemn | pauses, | | 7 through the | swelling
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| base; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And as each | mingling | flame | 7 in | creases |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
each, |
△ ∴

7 In | one | 7 u | nited | ardor | | rise to | heaven.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Or | 7 if you | rather | choose the | rural | shade, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | find a | fane | 7 in | every | sacred | grove, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

There let the | shepherd's | flute, | 7 the | virgin's |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
lay, |
△ ∴

7 The | prompting | seraph, | 7 and the | poet's | lyre, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Still | sing the | God of | seasons | 7 as they | roll. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 For | me, | 7 when I for | get | 7 the | darling | theme,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Whether the | blossom | blows, | 7 the | summer | ray |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Russets the | plain, | 7 in | spiring | autumn | gleans, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | winter | rises | 7 in the | blackening | east. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Be my | tongue | mute, | 7 my | fancy | paint no |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
more, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | dead to | joy, | 7 for | get my | heart | 7 to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
beat! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Should | fate com | mand me | 7 to the | furthest |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
verge |
△ ∴

7 Of the | green | earth, | 7 to | distant | barb'rous |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
climes, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Rivers | 7 un | known to | song; | 7 where | first | 7 the
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| sun |
△ ∴

Gilds | Indian | mountains, | 7 or his | setting | beam |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Flames on the At | lantic | isles; | | 7 'tis | nought
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
to | me, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Since | God | 7 is | ever | present, | | ever | felt, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In the | void | waste | | as in the | city | full, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

7 And | where | He | vital | spreads, | there | must be
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| joy. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

When | even at | last | 7 the | solemn | hour | 7 shall |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
come, |
△ ∴

| 7 And | wing my | mystic | flight | 7 to | future |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
worlds, |
△ ∴

7 I | cheerful | | 7 will o | bey; | | there | 7 with
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| new | powers, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Will | rising | wonders | sing; | | 7 I | cannot |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
go, |
△ ∴

7 Where | *uni* | *versal* | *love* | smiles not a | round; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 Sus | taining | all yon | orbs, | 7 and | all their
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

suns; |
△ ∴

| 7 From | seeming | evil | | still e | ducing |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

good, |
△ ∴

7 And | better | thence | 7 a | gain, | 7 and | better |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

still, |
△ ∴

7 In | infinite pro | gression; | | 7 but I | lose |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 My | self in | *Him*, | | 7 in | *light* | 7 *in* | *effable!*
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Come then, | 7 ex | pressive | Silence, | | muse |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| *His* | praise: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

INVOCATION TO GRECIAN ENERGY.

Genius | 7 of | ancient | Greece! | | 7 whose | faith-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

ful | steps |
∴ △ ∴

7 Well | pleas'd I | follow | 7 thro' the | sacred |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

paths |
△ ∴

7 Of | Nature | 7 and of | Science; | | Nurse | 7 di |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
vine |
△ ∴

7 Of | generous | counsels | 7 and he | roic | deeds! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
O | let the | breath of | thy ex | tended | praise |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In | spire my | kindling | bosom | 7 to the | height |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 Of | this | un | tempted | theme! | | Nor be my |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
thoughts |
△ ∴

7 Pre | sumptuous | counted, | | if | 7 a | mid the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
calm |
△ ∴

7 Which | Hesper | sheds a | long the | vernal |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
heaven |
△ ∴

7 I | steal im | patient, | 7 from the | sordid | haunts |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Of | strife and | low am | bition, | 7 and the | gloom |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 Of | vulgar | super | stition, | 7 to at | tend, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 With | hymns, | thy | presence, | 7 in the | sylvan |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
shade | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 By | their ma | lignant | footsteps | | ne'er |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 pro | faned. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 De | scend, | 7 pro | pitious | 7 to my | favour'd | eye!
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Such in thy | mien | 7 thy | warm ex | alted | air, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| As when the | Persian | tyrant, | | foil'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 and | strong |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | shame | 7 and | despe | ration, | | gnash'd
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
his | teeth, |
∴ △ ∴

7 To | see thee | rend the | pageants of his | throne;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

And at the | lightning of thy | lifted | spear, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Crouch'd | like a | slave. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Bring | all thy | martial | spoils, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Thy | palms, | 7 thy | laurels, | 7 thy tri | umphal |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
songs; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Thy | smiling | band of | arts; | | 7 thy | godlike |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sires |
△ ∴

7 Of | civil | wisdom; | | 7 thy he | roic | youth,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Warm from the | schools of | glory! | | Guide my |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
way |
△ ∴

7 Thro' | fair | 7 Ly | ceum's | walk | 7 the | olive |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
shades |
△ ∴

7 Of | Aca | demus, | 7 and the | sacred | vale |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Haunted by | steps di | vine! | | where | once |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 be | neath |
△ ∴ △ ∴

That | ever | living | plantain's | ample | boughs, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Il | issus, | 7 by So | cratic | sounds de | tain'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| On his neg | lected | urn, | 7 at | tentive, | lay;
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 While | Boreas, | | lingering | 7 on the | neigh-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
bouring | steep, | |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | beauteous | Ori | thyea | 7 his | love tale, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In | silent | awe, | 7 sus | pended: | | there let |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
me, |
△ ∴

7 With | blameless | hand, | from thy un | envious |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
fields |
△ ∴

7 Trans | plant some | living | blossoms, | 7 to a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
dorn |
△ ∴

7 My | native | clime; | | 7 while | far a | bove the
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| flight |
△ ∴

7 Of | Fancy's | plume | 7 as | piring, | | 7 I un |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
lock |
△ ∴

7 The | springs | 7 of | ancient | wisdom; | | 7 while
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
I | join |
∴ △ ∴

Thy | name, | thrice | honour'd! | | with the im |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
mortal | praise |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | Nature, | | while to my com | patriot |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
youth |
△ ∴

7 I | point the | high ex | ample | 7 of thy | Sons, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | tune | 7 to | Attic | themes | 7 the | British |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
lyre. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

HENRY V. BEFORE HARFLEUR.

SHAKSPEARE.

Once | more | unto the | breach | dear | friends! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
once | more; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | close the | wall up | 7 with our | English | dead.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | peace, | | 7 there's | nothing | so be | comes
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
a | man |
∴ △ ∴

7 As | modest | stillness | 7 and hu | mility. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
But when the | blast of | war | | blows in our | ears, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Then | imitate the | action of the | tiger: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Stiffen the | sinews, | | summon | up the | blood, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Dis | guise | fair | nature | 7 with | hard favour'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
rage: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Then | lend the | eye | 7 a | terrible | aspect; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| Let it | pry | thro' the | portage of the | head, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Like the | brass | cannon; | let the | brow o'er | whelm
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
it, |
∴

7 As | fearfully, | as doth a | galled | rock | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 O'er | hang and | jutty | 7 his con | founded | base |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Swill'd with the | wild | 7 and | wasteful | ocean.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Now | set the | teeth, | 7 and | stretch | 7 the | nostril
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| wide |
△ ∴

Hold | hard the | breath, | 7 and | bend | up | every |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

spirit |
△ ∴

7 To his | full | height! | | On, 7 | on, 7 | you | noble
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| English, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Whose | blood is | fet from | fathers of | war |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

proof! |
△ ∴

Fathers | | 7 that, | like | so many | Alexanders, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴

Have in these | parts, | 7 from | morn till | even |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

fought |
△ ∴

7 And | sheath'd their | swords | 7 for | lack of | argu-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

ment. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Dis | honour not your | mothers. | | Now at |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
test |
△ ∴

7 That | those whom you | call'd | Fathers | did be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
get you! |
△ ∴

7 Be | copy | now | 7 to | men of | grosser | blood,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 And | teach them | how to | war! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | you, | good | yeomen, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Whose | limbs were | made in | England, | shew us
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| here |
△ ∴

7 The | mettle of your | pasture; | | let us | swear |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
That you are | worth your | breeding: | | which I |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
doubt not: |
△ ∴

| For there is | none of you | so | mean and | base |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 That | hath not | noble | lustre | 7 in your | eyes.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 I | see you | stand, | like | greyhounds | 7 in the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
slips, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Straining | 7 upon the | start. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | game's a | foot. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Follow your | spirit: | | and upon | this | charge, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Cry | God for | Harry! | | England! | 7 and | Saint
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| George! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

ADDISON'S HYMN.

7 When | all thy | mercies, | | O my | God, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 My | rising | soul sur | veys, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Trans | ported | 7 with the | view, | 7 I'm | lost |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In | wonder, | love and | praise! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

O | how shall | words | 7 with | equal | warmth |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | gratitude | 7 de | clare, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 That | glows | 7 with | in my | ravish'd | heart! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 But | thou | 7 canst | read it | there. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Thy | providence | 7 my | life | 7 sus | tain'd, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | all my | wants re | drest, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| When in the | silent | womb | 7 I | lay, |
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 And | hung | 7 upon the | breast | | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 To | all my | weak com | plaints | 7 and | cries |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴

Thy | mercy | lent an | ear, |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

Ere | yet my | feeble | thoughts | 7 had | learnt |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴

7 To | form themselves | 7 in | prayer. | | |
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 Un | number'd | comforts | 7 to my | soul | |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴

Thy | tender | care be | stow'd, |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | fore my | infant | heart | 7 con | ceiv'd |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴

7 From | whom those | comforts | flow'd. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

When in the | slippery | paths of | youth |
△ ∴ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 With | heedless | steps | 7 I | ran | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Thine | arm | 7 un | seen | 7 con | vey'd me | safe, | |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 And | led me | up to | man. | | |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 Through | hidden | dangers, | | toils and | deaths, |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 It | gently | clear'd my | way, |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

And through the | pleasing | snares of | vice, |
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

More to be | fear'd | 7 than | they. | | |
△ ∴∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 When | worn with | sickness | oft | 7 hast | thou |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
With | health | 7 re | new'd my | face; | |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
And when in | sins and | sorrows | sunk, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
7 Re | viv'd my | soul with | grace. | | |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 Thy | bounteous | hand | 7 with | worldly | bliss |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
7 Has | made my | cup | 7 run | o'er; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴
And in a | kind and | faithful | friend |
△ ∴∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
7 Has | doubled | all my | store. | | |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

Ten | thousand | thousand | | precious | gifts |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴∴ △∴
7 My | daily | thanks em | ploy; |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
| Nor is the | least | 7 a | cheerful | heart, |
△∴ △ ∴∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
7 That | tastes those | gifts with | joy. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 Through | every | period of my | life |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴∴∴ ∴ △∴
7 Thy | goodness | 7 I'll pur | sue; |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴
7 And | after | death | 7 in | distant | worlds, |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | glorious | theme re | new. | | |
△ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 When | Nature | fails, | 7 and | day and | night |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
7 Di | vide thy | works no | more, |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 My | ever | grateful | heart | O | Lord |]
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴
Thy | mercy | 7 shall a | dore. | |]
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 Through | all e | ternity | | 7 to | thee |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 A | joyful | song | 7 I'll | raise. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 But | Oh! | 7 E | ternity's | too | short |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 To | utter | all thy | praise. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

PART OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.

(FROM THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.)

I am the | resur | rection | 7 and the | life, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
saith the | Lord; | | he that be | lieveth in | me, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
though he were | dead, | | yet shall he | live: | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 and | whoso | ever | liveth, | 7 and be | lieveth in |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
me, | 7 shall | never | die. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 I | know | that my Re | deemer | liveth, | 7 and
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
that | he shall | stand | 7 at the | latter | day | 7 upon
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
the | earth, | | 7 and | though | worms de | stroy |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
this | body, | | yet in my | flesh | 7 shall I | see |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
God. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | hold. | 7 thou hast | made my | days. | 7 as it |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
were, | 7 a | span | long: | 7 and mine | age | 7 is | even
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
as | nothing | 7 in res | pect of | thee; | | 7 and |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
verily | every | man | living | 7 is | alto | gether | va-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
nity: | | 7 for | man | walketh in a | vain | shadow,
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 and dis | quieteth him | self | 7 in | vain: | | he |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
heapeth | up | riches | 7 and | cannot | tell | who shall
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| gather them. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | thousand | years | 7 in | thy | sight | are but as
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| yesterday; | | seeing | that is | past | 7 as a |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
watch in the | night. | | | 7 as | soon as thou |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
scatterest them | 7 they are | even as a | sleep: | |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 and | fade a | way | suddenly | 7 like the | grass. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | 7 In the | morning | 7 it is | green. | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
groweth | up: | | but in the | evening | 7 it is | cut |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
down, | dried | up. | 7 and | withered. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 We con | sume a | way | 7 in thy dis | pleasure; |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| and are a | fraid | 7 at thy | wrathful | indig | na-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

tion: | 7 for | when thou art | angry, | | all our |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
days | 7 are | gone, | 7 and we | bring our | years |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 to an | end, | as it were a | tale | 7 that is | told, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | So | teach us to | number our | days: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
that we may ap | ply our | hearts | 7 unto | wisdom. |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Now is | Christ | risen from the | dead, | 7 and be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
come the | first | fruits | 7 of | them that | slept: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 for | since by | man | came | death, | 7 by | man |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
came | also, | 7 the | resur | rection | 7 of the | dead.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | | As in | Adam | all | die, | | even | so
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
in | Christ | 7 shall | all be | made a | live. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 But | some | man | 7 will | say, | "How are the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
dead | raised | up? | | 7 and with | what | body |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 do they | come?" | | | Thou | fool, | | that
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
which thou | sowest | 7 is | not | quickened | 7 ex | cept
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
it | die: | | 7 and | that which thou | sowest, | 7 thou
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| sowest not | that | body | 7 that | shall be, | 7 but |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

bare | grain, | | 7 it may | chance of | wheat, | or of
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
some | other | grain: | | 7 but | God | giveth it a |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
body, | as it hath | pleased | him; | | 7 and to | eve-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
ry | seed | 7 his | own | body. | | | So, | also, |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 is the | resur | rection | 7 of the | dead: | | 7 It is
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| sown | 7 in cor | ruption: | | 7 it is | raised | 7 in
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| incor | ruption: | | 7 It is | sown | 7 in dis | honor;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | 7 it is | raised | 7 in | glory: | | 7 It is | sown
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 in | weakness; | | 7 it is | raised | 7 in | power:
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | 7 it is | sown | 7 a | natural | body. | | 7 it is
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| raised | 7 a | spiritual | body. | | | Now | this
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
I | say, | brethren, | 7 that | flesh and | blood | cannot
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
in | herit the | kingdom of | God; | | neither doth
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
cor | ruption | 7 in | herit | incor | ruption. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Be | hold, | 7 I | shew you a | mystery. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
We shall | not | all | sleep: | | but we shall | all be
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| changed | 7 in a | moment, | 7 in the | twinkling of
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
an | eye, | 7 at the | last | trump: | | 7 for the |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

trumpet shall | sound, | 7 and the | dead shall be |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
raised | incor | ruptible, | 7 and | we shall be | chang-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
ed. | | | 7 For | this | 7 cor | ruptible | must |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
put on | incor | ruption, | | 7 and | this | mortal |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
must | put on | immor | tality. | | | So when |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
this cor | ruptible | 7 shall have | put on | incor | rup-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
tion; | 7 and this | mortal | 7 shall have | put on | immor-
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
tality, | | then shall be | brought to | pass | 7 the |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
saying that is | written | | "Death | 7 is | swallowed
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| up | 7 in | victory." | | | O | Death! | | where
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
is thy | sting? | | | O | Grave! | | where is thy
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| victory? | | | 7 The | sting of | death | 7 is |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sin; | | 7 and the | strength of | sin | 7 is the | law.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | | 7 But | thanks be to | God, | 7 who | giveth
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| us the | victory, | | through our | Lord | Jesus |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Christ. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Man that is | born of a | woman | | hath but a |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
short | time to | live, | 7 and is | full of | misery. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| | 7 He | cometh | up, | 7 and is | cut | down | 7
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
like a | flower: | | 7 he | fleeth, | 7 as it | were, | 7 a
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| shadow, | 7 and | never con | tinueth | 7 in | one |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
stay. | | | 7 In the | midst of | life | 7 we are in
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
| death: | | 7 of | whom may we | seek for | suc-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
cour, | but of | thee, | O | Lord: | | who for our |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
sins | 7 art | justly dis | pleased? | | | Yet | O |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Lord | God | most | holy; | | O | Lord | most |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mighty; | | O | holy and | most | merciful | Saviour;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| | 7 de | liver us | not | 7 into the | bitter | pains |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 of e | ternal | death. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

SATAN CALLING THE FALLEN ANGELS FROM THE OBLIVIOUS POOL.

MILTON. PARADISE LOST. B. I.

7 He | scarce had | ceas'd, | when the su | perior |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
fiend |
△ ∴
7 Was | moving | toward the | shore; | | 7 his |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
ponderous | shield |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 (E | thereal | temper, | massy, | large and | round)|
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | hind him | cast! | 7 the | broad cir | cumfe-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

rence |
∴

Hung on his | shoulders, | 7 like the | moon, | 7 whose
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| orb, |
△ ∴

| 7 Thro' | optic | glass, | 7 the | Tuscan | artist |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

views, |
△ ∴

7 At | evening, | | 7 from the | top of | Fiesolé, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

Or in Val | darno, | 7 to des | cry | new | lands, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Rivers, or | mountains, | 7 in her | spotty | globe.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | spear | 7 to | equal | which | 7 the | tallest |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

pine |
△ ∴

Hewn on Nor | wegian | hills | | 7 to be the | mast |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | some | great | ammiral, | were but a | wand, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 He | walk'd with | 7 to sup | port un | easy | steps |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Over the | burning | marl: | | (not | like | those |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

steps |
△ ∴

7 On | Heaven's | azure!) | | | 7 and the | torrid
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| clime |
△ ∴

Smote on him | sore be | sides, | | vaulted with |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
fire. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Nathless | 7 he | so en | dur'd | till on the | beach |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | that in | flamed | sea | 7 he | stood, | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
call'd |
△ ∴

7 His | legions, | | angel | forms, | 7 who | lay, en-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| tranc'd, |
△ ∴

Thick as au | tumnal | leaves | 7 that | strew the |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
brooks |
△ ∴

7 In | Vallom | brosa, | where the E | trurian |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
shades, |
△ ∴

High over | arch'd | 7 em | bower; | | 7 or | scat-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ter'd | sedge |
∴ △ ∴

7 A | float, | when with | fierce | winds, | 7 O | rion,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| arm'd, |
△ ∴

7 Hath | vex'd the | Red | Sea | coast, | 7 whose |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
waves o'er | threw |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Bu | siris and his | Memphian | chivalry, |
△ ∴ △∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

While with per | fidious | hatred | | 7 they pur |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴

sued |
△ ∴

7 The | sojourners of | Goshen, | | 7 who be | held |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 From the | safe | shore, | 7 their | floating | carca-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

ses |
∴

7 And | broken | chariot | wheels: | | so | thick
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

be | strown |
∴ △ ∴

Abiect and | lost, 7 | lay | these, | | covering the |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴

flood, | |
△ ∴ △∴

Under a | mazement of their | hideous | change. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴

7 He | call'd | so | loud, | 7 that | all the | hollow |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

deep |
△ ∴

7 Of | hell | 7 re | sounded | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

" Prin | ces! | | Poten | tates! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Warriors! | | 7 the | flower of | heaven, | | once
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| yours | | now | lost, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 If | such as | tonishment as | this | 7 can | seize |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 E | ternal | spirits: | | or have ye | chosen | this
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| place, |
△ ∴

| After the | toil of | battle, | 7 to re | pose |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Your | wearied | virtue, | | 7 for the | ease | 7 you
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| find |
△ ∴

7 To | slumber | here, 7 | as in the | vales of | hea-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △

ven? | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Or in this | abject | posture | | have you | sworn |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 To a | dore the | Conqueror? | | | 7 who | now
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

be | holds |
∴ △ ∴

Cherub and | seraph | | rolling | 7 in the | flood, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | scatter'd | arms and | ensigns | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Till, a | non, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | swift pur | suers, | 7 from | heaven | gates, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 dis | cern |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The ad | vantage, | | 7 and de | scending, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

tread us | down |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Thus | drooping; | | 7 or with | linked | thunder-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
bolts, |
∴

Trans | fix us to the | bottom of this | gulph. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴
| 7 A | wake! | | 7 a | rise! | | 7 or | be | 7 for
△∴△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴
| ever | fallen!" | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

PAPER.

A CONVERSATIONAL PLEASANTRY.

DR. FRANKLIN.

Some | wit of | old, | | such | wits of | old there |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
were |
△ ∴

7 Whose | hints | 7 show'd | meaning, | 7 whose al |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
lusions | care, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 By | one | brave | stroke | 7 to | mark all | human |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
kind, |
△ ∴

Call'd | clear | blank | paper | every | infant | mind;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Where | still, | 7 as | opening | sense | 7 her | dictates
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| wrote, |
△ ∴

Fair | Virtue | put a | seal, | 7 or | Vice, | 7 a | blot
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | thought was | happy, | pertinent and | true!
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 Me | thinks a | genius | 7 might the | plan pur |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
sue. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

I | 7 (can you | pardon my pre | sumption?) | | I, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

No | wit, | no | genius, | yet for | once, | 7 will | try.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Various the | paper | various | wants pro | duce:
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 The | wants of | fashion, | elegance | 7 and | use,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Men | 7 are as | various; | 7 and if | right I | scan, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Each | sort of | paper | | repre | sents | some |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
man. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Pray | note the | fop; | | half | powder | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
half | lace! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Nice as a | bandbox | 7 were | his | dwelling | place,
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

He's the | gilt | paper, | 7 which a | part you | store, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | lock from | vulgar | hands | 7 in the scru |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
toire. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Me | chanics, | servants, | farmers, | 7 and | so
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
forth, |
∴

7 Are | copy | paper, | 7 of in | ferior | worth; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Lĕss | prized; | | more | useful; | 7 for your | desk
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
de | creed; |
∴ △ ∴

| Free to | all | pens, | 7 and | prompt at | every |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
need. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | wretch | 7 whom | avarice | | bids to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
pinch and | spare. |
△ ∴ △ ∴

| Starve, | cheat | 7 and | pilfer, | 7 to en | rich an
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| heir, |
△ ∴

7 Is | coarse | brown | paper; | | such as | pedlars
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| choose |
△ ∴

7 To | wrap up | wares | 7 which | better | men | 7 will
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| use. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Take | next | 7 the | miser's | contrast; | | 7 who
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
des | troys |
∴ △ ∴

Health, | fame and | fortune | 7 in a | round of | joys.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Will | any | paper | match | him? | | Yes, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 through | out; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

He's a | true | sinking | paper, | | past | all | doubt.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | retail | poli | tician's | anxious | thought |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Deems | this side | always | right, | 7 and | that | stark
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| nought: |
△ ∴

7 He | foams with | censure; | 7 with ap | plause he |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
raves; |
△ ∴

7 A | dupe to | rumours, | | 7 and a | tool to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
knaves; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

He'll | want | no | type | his | weakness | 7 to pro |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
claim, |
△ ∴

7 While | such a | thing as | fools-cap | 7 has a | name.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | hasty | gentleman, | 7 whose | blood runs |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
high; |
△ ∴

7 Who | picks a | quarrel | 7 if you | step a | wry; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Who | can't a | jest, | 7 a | hint, | 7 or | look en |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
dure! |
△ ∴

| What is | he? | What! | | Touch-paper | 7 to
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
be | sure. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

What are our | poets? | | take them | 7 as they | fall |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
Good, | bad, | rich, | poor; | much read; | not read at |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
all! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Them | 7 and their | works | 7 in the | same | class |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 you'll | find: |
△ ∴ △ ∴

| They are the | mere | waste-paper | 7 of man |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
kind. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Ob | serve the | maiden, | | innocently |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
sweet! |
△ ∴

She's | fair | white | paper! | ʔ an un | sullied | sheet;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

ʔ On | which | ʔ the | happy | man | ʔ whom | fate or-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| dains |
△ ∴

ʔ May | write his | name, | ʔ and | take her for his |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
pains. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

One | instance | more, | ʔ and | only | one | ʔ I'll |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
bring! |
△ ∴

'Tis the | great | man | ʔ who | scorns a | little | thing;
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

ʔ Whose | thought, | ʔ whose | deeds, | ʔ whose |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
maxims | ʔ are his | own; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| Form'd on the | feelings | ʔ of his | heart a | lone,
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

True, | genuine, | royal | paper, | ʔ is | his | breast.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

ʔ Of | all the | kinds | | most | precious, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
purest, | | best! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

DRYDEN.

'Twas at the | royal | feast | 7 for | Persia | won |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 By | Philip's | warlike | son: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | loft, in | awful | state, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | godlike | hero | sat |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

On his im | perial | throne; | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | valiant | peers | 7 were | plac'd a | round; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Their | brows | 7 with | roses | 7 and with | myrtle |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

bound: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

So should de | sert in | arms be | crown'd, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 The | lovely | Thais, | 7 by his | side, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Sat like a | blooming | eastern | bride, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | flower of | youth, | 7 and | beauty's | pride. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Happy, | | happy, | | happy | pair! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

None but the | brave, | | none but the | brave, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
none | but the | brave | 7 de | serves the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fair! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Ti | motheus, | plac'd on | high |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 A | mid the | tuneful | quire; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 With | flying | fingers | touch'd the | lyre: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴
7 The | trembling | notes | 7 as | cend the | sky, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | heavenly | joys in | spire. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | song | 7 be | gan from | Jove! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Who | left his | blissful | seats a | bove | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Such is the | power of | mighty | love! | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 A | dragon's | fiery | form | 7 be | ly'd the | God: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴
7 Sub | lime, | 7 on | radiant | spires, | 7 he | rode, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
W en he to | fair O | lympia | press'd; |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 And, | while he | sought her | snowy |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
br ast, |
△ ∴

7 A | round her | slender | waist | 7 he | curl'd, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | stamp'd | 7 an | image of him | self, | | 7 a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sovereign | 7 of the | world! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | listening | crowd | 7 ad | mire the | lof-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
ty | sound, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | present | deity! | 7 they | shout a | round, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 A | present | deity! | 7 the | vaulted | roofs re |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
bound. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | ravish'd | ears | 7 the | monarch |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
hears, |
△ ∴

7 As | sumes the | god, | 7 af | fects to | nod, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | seems to | shake the | spheres. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | praise of | Bacchus, | then, | 7 the | sweet mu-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| sician | sung: |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | Bacchus | ever | fair and | ever | young. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | jolly | God, | 7 in | triumph, | comes; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Sound the | trumpets, | beat the | drums! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Flush'd with a | purple | grace, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

He | shews his | honest | face: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Now | give the | hautboys | breath; | 7 he | comes! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 he | comes! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Bacchus, | ever | fair and | young, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Drinking | joys did | first or | dain: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Bacchus' | blessings | 7 are a | treasure, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Drinking | 7 is the | soldier's | pleasure; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Rich the | treasure, | sweet the | pleasure; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Sweet is | pleasure | after | pain. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Sooth'd with the | sound, | 7 the | king | grew | vain |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Fought | all his | battles | o'er a | gain: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | thrice he | routed | all his | foes. | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

thrice | 7 he | slew the | slain. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | master | | saw the | madness | rise, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | glowing | cheeks, | 7 his | ardent | eyes, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 And | while he | heaven and | earth de | fy'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Chang'd his | hand, | 7 and | check'd his | pride.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 He | chose a | mournful | muse, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Soft | pity | 7 to in | fuse; | |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △∴∴ △∴ △∴

7 He | sung Da | rius, | | great, and | good! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 By | too se | vere a | fate, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

| Fallen | | fallen | | fallen | | fallen! | | |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴

Fallen | 7 from his | high es | tate, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 And | weltering | 7 in his | blood. | | |
△ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 De | serted, | 7 at his | utmost | need, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 By | those | 7 his | former | bounty | fed, |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

On the | bare | earth, | 7 ex | posed he | lies, |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 With | not a | friend | 7 to | close his | eyes.
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

| | |
△∴△∴

7 With | downcast | look | 7 the | joyless | victor |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

sate, | |
△∴ △∴

7 Re | volving, | 7 in his | alter'd | soul, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 The | various | turns of | fate be | low; | |
△ ∴ △∴∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 And | now and | then, | 7 a | sigh he | stole |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 And | tears be | gan to | flow. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴△∴

7 The | mighty | master | smil'd | 7 to | see |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 That | love | 7 was in the | next de | gree. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

'Twas but a | kindred | sound to | move: |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 For | pity | melts the | mind to | love. | | |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Softly | sweet in | Lydian | measures |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Soon he | sooth'd his | soul to | pleasures. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴

War, he | sung, is | toil and | trouble: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Honour | but an | empty | bubble; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Never | ending, | still be | ginning, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Fighting | still and | still de | stroying: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

If the | world be | worth thy | winning, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Think O | think it | worth en | joying! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Lovely | Thais | sits be | side thee. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Take the | good the | gods pro | vide thee. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 The | many | rend the | skies | 7 with | loud ap |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

plause: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

So | Love was | crown'd: | | 7 but | Music | won the
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| cause. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | prince, | 7 un | able | 7 to con | ceal his |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

pain, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Gaz'd on the | fair |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Who | caus'd his | care, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | sigh'd and | look'd, | | sigh'd and | look'd
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | sigh'd and | look'd | 7 and | sigh'd a
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| gain. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 At | length, | 7 with | love and | wine | 7 at | once
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

op | prest, |
∴ △ ∴

7 The | vanquish'd | victor | sunk | upon her | breast.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Now | strike the | golden | lyre a | gain; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | louder | yet, | 7 and | yet | 7 a | louder |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

strain: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Break his | bands of | sleep a | sunder, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | rouse him | 7 with a | rattling | peal of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

thunder. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Hark! | | hark! | | 7 the | horrid | sound | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Has | rais'd up his | head, | 7 as a | wak'd from
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
the | dead, |
∴ △ ∴

7 And, a | maz'd he | stares a | round. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Re | venge! | 7 re | venge! | 7 Ti | motheus | cries: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

See the | Furies a | rise | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

See the | snakes that they | rear, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

How they | hiss in the | air! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And the | sparkles that | flash from their | eyes! |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | hold a | ghastly | band |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Each a | torch in his | hand: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

These are | Grecian | ghosts, | 7 that in | battle were
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| slain, |
△ ∴

7 And un | bury'd re | main, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | glorious, | 7 on the | plain: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Give the | vengeance | due | 7 to the | valiant | crew.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | hold how they | toss their | torches on | high! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

How they | point to the | Persian a | bodes, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | glittering | temples | 7 of their | hostile |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

gods! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | princes ap | plaud | 7 with a | furious | joy |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 And the | king | seiz'd a | flambeau, | 7 with | zeal
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

to de | stroy: | |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Thais | led the | way, | 7 to | light him | 7 to his |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

prey, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And, | like an | other | Helen, | | fir'd a | nother
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Troy. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Thus, | long a | go, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 (Ere | heaving | bellows | learn'd to | blow, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

While | organs | yet were | mute) |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 Ti | motheus, | 7 to his | breathing | flute |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | sounding | lyre, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Could | swell the | soul to | rage, | 7 or | kindle |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

soft de | sire | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 At | last, | 7 di | vine Ce | cilia | came, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | ventress | 7 of the | vocal | frame: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | sweet en | thusiast, | 7 from her | sacred |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

store, |
△ ∴

7 En | larg'd the | former | narrow | bounds, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 And | added | length | 7 to | solemn | sounds. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | Nature's | mother | wit, | | 7 and | arts |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 un | known be | fore. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴

7 Let | old Ti | motheus | yield the | prize; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 Or | both di | vide the | crown: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| He | rais'd a | mortal | 7 to the | skies; | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

She | drew an | angel | down. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.

MILTON.

Hail | holy | Light, | | off'spring of | Heav'n | first
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| born, |
△ ∴

| Or of the E | ternal | | coe | ternal | beam,
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| |
△ ∴

May I ex | press | thee | un | blam'd? | | 7 Since |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

God | 7 is | light, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | never | 7 but in | unap | proached | light |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Dwelt from e | ternity, | | dwelt | then in | thee, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Bright | effluence | 7 of | bright | essence | incre-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| ate. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | hears't thou | rather, | | pure e | therial |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

stream, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Whose | fountain | who shall | tell? | | 7 Be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

fore the | sun, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Be | fore the | Heav'ns | thou | wert, | | and at
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

the | voice |
∴ △ ∴

7 Of | God | | as with a | mantle, | 7 didst in |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

vest |
△ ∴

7 The | rising | world of | waters | | dark | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

deep |
△ ∴

| Won from the | void | 7 and | formless | infinite.
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Thee I re | visit | now | 7 with | bolder | wing, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Es | cap'd the | Stygian | pool | | 7 though | long
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

de | tain'd |
∴ △ ∴

7 In | that ob | scure so | journ | | while | 7 in my
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| flight |
△ ∴

7 Through | utter | 7 and through | middle | darkness
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| borne, |
△ ∴

7 With | other | notes | than to the Or | phean | lyre |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 I | sung of | chaos | 7 and e | ternal | night, | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Taught by the | heavenly | Muse | 7 to | venture |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

down |
△ ∴

7 The | dark de | scent | | 7 and | up to | re-as |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

cend |
△ ∴

7 Though | hard | 7 and | rare; | | thee I re | visit |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

safe |
△ ∴

7 And | feel thy | sov'reign | vital | lamp: | | 7 but
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| thou |
△ ∴

7 Re | visit'st | not | these | eyes, | 7 that | roll in |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
vain |
△ ∴

7 To | find thy | piercing | ray, | | 7 and | find |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
no | dawn; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 So | thick a | drop se | rene | 7 hath | quench'd their
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| orbs | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | dim suf | fusion | veil'd | | | Yet not the
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| more |
△ ∴

Cease I to | wander | | where the | muses |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
haunt, |
△ ∴

Clear | spring | 7 or | shady | grove, | 7 or | sunny |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
hill, |
△ ∴

| Smit with the | love of | sacred | song; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 but | chief |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Thee | Sion, | 7 and the | flow'ry | brooks be | neath |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 That | wash | thy | hallow'd | feet, | 7 and | warbling
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| flow, |
△ ∴

| Nightly | 7 I | visit: | | 7 nor | some | times
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 for | get |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Those | other | two | equall'd with | me in | fate, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| So were | I | equall'd with | them in re | nown |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| Blind | Thamyris, | 7 and | blind Mæ | onides, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

7 And Ty | resias | 7 and | Phineus, | | prophets |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

old: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Then | feed on | thoughts. | 7 that | voluntary | move |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Har | monious | numbers; | 7 as the | wakeful | bird |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Sings | darkling | 7 and in | shadiest | covert | hid |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Tunes her noc | turnal | note. | | | Thus
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △

with the | year |
∴ ∴ △ ∴

Seasons | 7 re | turn, | 7 but | not to | me | 7 re |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

turns |
△ ∴

Day | 7 or the | sweet ap | proach of | ev'n | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

morn; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | sight of | vernal | bloom, | 7 or | summer's |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

rose, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | flocks, | 7 or | herds, | | 7 or | human | face
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
di | vine; | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | cloud | 7 in | stead, | 7 and | ever | during |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
dark |
△ ∴

7 Sur | rounds me, | 7 from the | cheerful | ways of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
men |
△ ∴

Cut | off, | and for the | book of | knowledge | fair |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Pre | sented | 7 with a | uni | versal | blank |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | Nature's | works | | 7 to | me | 7 ex | pung'd
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
and | raz'd | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | Wisdom, | 7 at | one | entrance, | | quite
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
shut | out. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

So much the | rather | thou, | 7 ce | lestial | Light |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Shine | inward, | | 7 and the | mind | 7 through |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
all her | powers |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Ir | radiate, | | there | plant | eyes, | | all |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mist from | thence |
△ ∴ △ ∴

| Purge and d's | perse, | | that I may | see |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 and | tell |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | things in | visible | 7 to | mortal | sight.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

REPLY OF MR. PITT.

(THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM.)

7 THE a | trocious | crime | 7 of | being a | young |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

man, | 7 which the | honorable | gentleman | has, with
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

such | spirit and | decency, | charg'd up | on me, | |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 I shall | neither at | tempt to | palliate, | nor de | ny;
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| | 7 but con | tent myself with | wishing | 7 that |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

I may be | one of | those | 7 whose | follies | cease with
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

their | youth; | | 7 and | not of | that | number |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 who are | ignorant | 7 in | spite of ex | perience. |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Whether | youth | 7 can be im | puted to | any man
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| 7 as a re | proach, | 7 I | will not as | sume | 7 the |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

province of de | termining: | | 7 but | surely, | age
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| may become | justly con | temptible, | | if the op-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
por | tunities | 7 which it | brings | 7 have | passed a |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
way | 7 with | out im | provement, | 7 and | vice | 7 ap-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| pears to pre | vail | 7 when the | passions | 7 have
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sub | sided. | | | 7 The | wretch | 7 that, | after
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
having | seen the | consequences | 7 of a | thousand |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
errors, | 7 con | tinues | still to | blunder, | | 7 and
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
whose | age | 7 has | only | added | obstinacy | 7 to stu-
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| pidity, | 7 is | surely the | object | 7 of | either ab |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
horrence | 7 or con | tempt; | | 7 and de | serves not
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 that his | grey | head | 7 should se | cure him from
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| insults | | | Much | more | 7 is | he to be ab |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
horred | who, | as he has ad | vanced in | age, | 7 has
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
re | ceded from | virtue, | 7 and be | comes | more |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
wicked | 7 with | less temp | tation: | | 7 who | prosti-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
tutes him | self for | money | 7 which he | cannot en |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
joy, | 7 and | spends the re | mains of his | life | 7 in
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
the | ruin of his | country. | | |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | youth | 7 is | not my | only | crime. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| I have been ac | cused | 7 of | acting a the | atrical
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| part. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A the | atrical | part, | may | either im | ply |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
some pe | culi | arities of | gesture, | 7 or a | dissimu |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
lation of my | real | sentiments, | 7 and an a | doption
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
of the | opinions and | language | 7 of an | other |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
man. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In the | first | sense, | 7 the | charge is | too | tri-
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
fling | 7 to be con | futed; | | 7 and de | serves |
∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
only to be | mentioned | | 7 that | it may be de | spis-
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △
ed. | | | I am at | liberty | 7 (like | every | other |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
man) | 7 to | use my | own | language: | 7 and | tho' I
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| may | 7 per | haps, | 7 have | some | 7 am | bition, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
yet to | please | this | gentleman, | I shall | not | lay
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
myself | 7 under | any re | straint, | 7 or | very | 7 so |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
licitously | copy | his | diction, | 7 or | his | mien; |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 how | ever | 7 ma | tured by | age, | 7 or | modelled
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

by ex | perience. | | | 7 If | any man | shall, |
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 by | charging me | 7 with the | atrical b | haviour, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
7 im | ply | 7 that I | utter | any | sentiments | but my
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| own, | 7 I shall | treat | him | as a ca | lumniator |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
7 and a | villain: | | nor shall | any pro | tection |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
shelter him | 7 from the | treatment | 7 which he de |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
serves. | | | 7 I | shall, | 7 on | such an oc | ca-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
sion, | 7 with | out | scruple | trample upon | all |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
those | forms | 7 with which | wealth and | dignity |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
7 en | trench themselves; | | nor shall | any thing |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
but | age | 7 re | strain my re | sentment: | | age, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 which | always | brings | one | privilege; | | that |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 of being | insolent | 7 and super | cilious | 7 with |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
out | punishment. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

But with re | gard to | those | whom I have of |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴
fended, | I am of o | pinion | 7 that | if I had | acted a
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
| borrowed | part, | I should have a | voided their |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
censure. | | | 7 The | heat that of | fended them
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| 7 is the | ardour of con | viction. | 7 and that | zeal
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
for the | service of my | country, | 7 which | neither
∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| hope, | 7 nor | fear, | 7 shall | influence me | 7 to
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
sup | press. | | | 7 I | will not | sit | unconcerned | while my | liberty | 7 is in | vaded; | 7 nor |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
look in | silence | 7 upon | public | robbery. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
I will ex | ert my en | deavours | 7 at what | ever |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
hazard) | 7 to re | pel the ag | gressor, | 7 and | drag
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
the | thief to | justice, | | what | power | so | ever
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 may pro | tect the | villany, | 7 and | who | ever |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 may par | take | 7 of the | plunder. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

THE PASSIONS.

COLLINS.

7 When | Music, | | heavenly | maid! | 7 was |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
young, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴
7 Ere | yet | 7 in | early | Greece, | 7 she | sung, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | Passions | | oft | 7 to | hear her | shell, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

Throng'd a | round her | magic | cell; | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 Ex | ulting | | trembling | | raging | | faint-
△∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △
ing, |
∴

7 Pos | sess'd | 7 be | yond the | Muse's | painting: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△∴ △∴

7 By | turns | 7 they | felt the | glowing | mind |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 Dis | turb'd | 7 de | lighted | | rais'd | | 7 re |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴
fined; | |
△∴ △∴

| 7 Till | once, | 7 'tis | said, | 7 when | all were
△∴△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| fired, |
△∴

| Fill'd with | fury | | rapt | 7 in | spired! | |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

From the sup | porting | myrtles | round, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 They | snatch'd her | instruments of | sound; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴
| |
△∴

And (as they | oft | 7 had | heard a | part, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

| Sweet | lessons | 7 of her | forceful | art) |
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

| Each, | 7 (for | madness | rul'd the | hour) |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 Would | prove his | own | 7 ex | pressive | pow'r. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
| |
△∴△∴

First | Fear | | 7 his | hand, | 7 its | skill to | try, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | mid the | chords | 7 be | wilder'd | laid, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | back re | coil'd | 7 he | knew not | why |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Even at the | sound | 7 him | self | 7 had | made. | |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Next | Anger | rush'd; | 7 his | eyes on | fire, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | lightnings | own'd his | secret | stings; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | one | rude | clash, | 7 he | struck the | lyre, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | swept, with | hurr'ed | hand. | 7 the | strings.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | woeful | measures | | wan Des | pair |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| Low | sullen | sounds | 7 his | grief be | guiled:
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | solemn | | strange | 7 and | mingled | air: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Twas | sad | 7 by | fits | 7 by | starts | 7 twas | wild.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | thou | O | Hope! | 7 with | eyes | so | fair, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| What was | thy de | lighted | measure? | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Still it | whisper'd | promis'd | pleasure, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | bade the | lovely | scenes | 7 at | distance |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

| hail! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Still would her | touch | 7 the | strain pro | long; | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

And from the | rocks, | 7 the | wood, | 7 the | vale, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 She | call'd on | Echo | still, | 7 through | all her |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

song; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | where her | sweetest | theme, | 7 she | chose, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 A | soft res | ponsive | voice, | 7 was | heard | 7 at |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

every | close; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | Hope, | 7 en | chanted, | | smil'd, | 7 and |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

wav'd her | golden | hair. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | longer | 7 had she | sung | | but, 7 | 7 with
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

a | frown, |
∴ △ ∴

7 Re | venge, | 7 im | patient 7 rose: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 He | threw his | blood | stain'd | sword, | 7 in | thun-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
der | down; |
∴ △ ∴

| And with a | withering | look, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | war de | nouncing | trumpet | took, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | blew a | blast | so | loud and | dread, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Were | ne'er pro | phetic | sounds | | so | full of
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| wo! |
△ ∴

| 7 And, | ever and a | non, | 7 he | beat |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | doubling | drum, | 7 with | furious | heat: |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | tho' | some | times, | 7 each | dreary | pause
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
be | tween, |
∴ △ ∴

7 De | jected | Pity, | 7 at his | side. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Her | soul-sub | duing | voice | 7 ap | ply'd, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Yet | still | 7 he | kept his | wild, | 7 un | alter'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mien; |
△ ∴

7 While | each | strain'd | ball of | sight | | seem'd
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| bursting | 7 from his | head. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Thy | numbers, | | Jealousy! | 7 to | nought were
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| fix'd: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Sad | proof | 7 of thy dis | tressful | state! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | differing | themes, | 7 the | veering | song was |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mix'd; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | now, | 7 it | courted | Love; | | now | raging
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| call'd on | Hate. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 With | eyes | 7 up | rais'd, | 7 as | one in | spir'd,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Pale | Melancholy | | sat re | tired; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

And from her | wild se | quester'd | seat, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 In | notes, | 7 by | distance | | made | more |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sweet, |
△ ∴

| Pour'd thro' the | mellow | horn, | 7 her | pensive
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| soul; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | dashing | soft, | 7 from | rocks a | round, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Bubbling | runnels | join'd the | sound. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Thro' | glades and | glooms, | 7 the | mingled | mea-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
sures | stole: | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Or | o'er | some | haunted | stream, | 7 with | fond
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
de | lay, | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Round a | holy | calm dif | fusing, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Love of | peace, | 7 and | lonely | musing, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 In | hollow | murmurs | | dy'd a | way. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 But | O! how | alter'd, | 7 was its | sprightlier |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
tone! |
△ ∴
7 When | Cheerfulness, | | 7 a | nymph of | healthi-
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
est | hue, |
∴ △ ∴
7 Her | bow | 7 a | cross her | shoulder | flung, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 Her | buskins | gemm'd with | morning | dew, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Blew an in | spiring | air, | 7 that | dale and | thicket
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| rung: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | hunters | call, | 7 to | Faun | 7 and | Dryad |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
known. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 The | oak crown'd | sisters, | 7 and their | chaste
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △
eyed | queen, |
∴ △ ∴
Satyrs | 7 and | Sylvan | boys, | 7 were | seen, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Peeping from | forth | their | alleys | green; |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Brown | Exercise | 7 re | joic'd to | hear, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | Sport | leapt | up,7 | 7 and | seiz'd his | beech-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
en | spear. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Last came | Joy's | 7 ec | static | trial. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
He with | viny | crown ad | vancing, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
First to the | lively | pipe | 7 his | hand ad | dress'd; |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 But | soon he | saw the | brisk a | wakening | viol, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 Whose | sweet, | 7 en | trancing | voice, | 7 he | lov'd
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
the | best. | | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
They would have | thought, | 7 who | heard | 7 the |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
strain, |
△ ∴
7 They | saw; | 7 in | Tempe's | vale | 7 her | native |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
maids, |
△ ∴
7 A | midst the | festal | | sounding | shades, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 To | some un | weary'd | minstrel | dancing: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
While as his | flying | fingers | kiss'd the | strings, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
|
△ ∴

Love | framed with | Mirth, | 7 a | gay fan | tastic |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
round; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Loose were her | tresses | seen, | 7 her | zone | 7 un |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
bound; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | he, | 7 amidst | his | frolic | play, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 As | if he would the | charming | air | 7 re | pay, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Shook | thousand | odours, | 7 from his | dewy | wings.
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

CHILDE HAROLD.

CANTO IX. CLXXXVI.

Oh! that the | Desert | 7 were my | dwelling place, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

7 With | one | fair | Spirit | 7 for my | minister, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| That I might | all for | get the | human | race, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And, | hating | no one, | | love | 7 but | only |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
her! | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Ye | Elements! | 7 in | whose en | nobling | stir |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 I | feel myself ex | alted; | | Can ye | not |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Ac | cord me | 7 such a | being? | | Do I |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
err |
△ ∴

7 In | deeming | such | 7 in | habit | many a | spot?
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

Though | with them | 7 to con | verse, | 7 can | rarely |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
be our | lot. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

There is a | pleasure | 7 in the | pathless | woods,
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

There is a | rapture | 7 on the | lonely | shore, | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

There is so | ciety, | | 7 where | none in | trudes, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 By the | deep | sea, | 7 and | music | 7 in its |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
roar: | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 I | love not | man | 7 the | less, | 7 but | nature |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
more,
△ ∴

7 From | those our | interviews, | 7 in | which I |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
steal |
△ ∴

7 From | all I | may be, | 7 or | have been | 7 be |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fore, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 To | mingle | 7 with the | universe, | and | feel |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴
What I can | ne'er ex | press, | 7 yet | cannot | all |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
7 con | ceal. | | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

Roll | on, | 7 thou | deep | 7 and | dark | blue | ocean,
△∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴∴
| | roll! | | |
△∴ △∴ △∴ △∴

7 Ten | thousand | fleets | | sweep over | thee, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴∴ △∴
7 in | vain, | | |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴

Man | marks the | earth | 7 with | ruin | | 7 his con
△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ ∴
| trol |
△∴

Stops with the | shore; | | upon the | watery |
△ ∴ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴∴
plain |
△∴

7 The | wrecks are | all | thy | deed; | | nor doth
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴
re | main |
∴ △∴

7 A | shadow of | man's | ravage, | | save his | own,
△∴ △∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴
| |
△∴

When for a | moment, | | 7 like a | drop of | rain, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴
7 He | sinks | 7 into | thy | depths | 7 with | bubbling
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| groan, |
△ ∴

7 With | out a | grave, | | 7 un | knell'd, | 7 un |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
coffin'd, | 7 and un | known. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | steps | 7 are | not upon | thy | paths, | thy |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fields |
△ ∴

7 Are | not a | spoil | 7 for | him, | | thou dost a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
rise |
△ ∴

7 And | shake him | from thee | | 7 the | vile |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
strength he | wields |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 For | earth's de | struction, | | thou dost | all des
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| spise. | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Spurning him | 7 from thy | bosom, | 7 to the | skies,
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 And | send'st him | shivering | 7 in thy | playful |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
spray, |
△ ∴

7 And | howling, | 7 to his | Gods, | | where |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
haply | lies |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 His | petty | hope, | 7 in | some | near | port | 7 or |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
bay, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Then | dashest him | 7 a | gain | 7 to | earth: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
there | let him | lay. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴

7 The | armaments, | 7 which | thunderstrike | 7 the |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
walls |
△ ∴

7 Of | rock-built | cities, | | bidding | nations |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
quake, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | monarchs | | tremble | 7 in their | capi-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
tals, |
∴

| 7 The | oak le | viathans, | 7 whose | huge | ribs |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
make |
△ ∴

7 Their | clay cre | ator | 7 the vain | title | take, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of | lord of | thee, | 7 and | arbiter of | war! |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

These are thy | toys, | | and as the | snowy | flake, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 They | melt into thy | yeast of | waves, | 7 which |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
mar |
△ ∴

7 A | like the Ar | mada's | pride, | or | spoils of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Tra-fal | gar. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Thy | shores are | empires, | | chang'd in | all |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
save | thee, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

| 7 As | syria, | | Geeece, | | Rome, | | Car-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
thage, | | what are | they? |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Thy | waters | wasted them | | while they were |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
free, |
△ ∴

| 7And | many a | tyrant | since: | | 7 their | shores
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| 7 o | bey |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 The | stranger, | slave, | 7 or | savage: | 7 their de |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
cay |
△ ∴

7 Has | dried up | realms | 7 to | deserts, | | not |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
so | thou, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Un | changeable. | | save to thy | wild | waves |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
play: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

Time | writes | no | wrinkle | 7 on | thine | azure |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
brow; |
△ ∴

| Such as cre | ation's | dawn | 7 be | held, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
thou | rollest | now. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

Thou | glorious | mirror, | where the Al | mighty's |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
form |
△ ∴
Glasses it | self in | tempests; | ? in | all | time, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Calm | ? or con | vuls'd, | | ? in | breeze, | ? or |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
gale, | ? or | storm, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| Icing the | pole, | or in the | torrid | clime |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Dark | heaving; | | boundless, | | endless, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
? and sub | lime | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
? The | image of E | ternity! | | ? the | throne |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
? Of the In | visible; | | even from | out thy |
△ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
slime |
△ ∴
? The | monsters of the | deep | ? are | made: | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
each | zone |
△ ∴ △ ∴
? O | beys thee; | | thou | goest | forth, | dread, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
fathomless, | ? a | lone. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

? And | I have | lov'd thee | Ocean! | ? and my | joy |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
? Of | youthful | sports | was on thy | breast | ? to
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
be |
∴

Borne, | ? like thy | bubbles, | onward: | ? from a |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
boy |
△ ∴

? I | wanton'd with thy | breakers; | | they to |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
me |
△ ∴

Were a de | light; | | and if the | freshening | sea |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

Made them a | terror, | | ? 'twas a | pleasing | fear, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

? For | I was | ? as it were, | ? a | child of | thee, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

? And | trusted to thy | billows | | far and | near, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

? And | laid my | hand | ? upon thy | mane, | ? as I |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
do | here. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Most | potent | grave, | ? and | reverend | seignors, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

? My | very | noble, | ? and ap | prov'd | good | mas-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| ters; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

That I have | taken a | way | ? this | old man's |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
daughter, |
△ ∴

It is | most | true; | | true, | 7 I have | married
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
her; | |
∴ △ ∴

7 The | very | head and | front | 7 of my of | fending |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 Hath | this ex | tent, | | no | more. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
Rude | 7 am | I in | speech, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | little | bless'd | 7 with the | set | phrase of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
peace; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 For | since | these | arms of | mine | 7 had | seven
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
years | pith, |
∴ △ ∴

7 Till | now, | 7 some | nine moons | wasted, | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
they have | us'd |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 Their | dearest | action | 7 in the | tented | field; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 And | little | 7 of this | great | world | 7 can | I |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
speak |
△ ∴

More than per | tains | 7 to | feats of | broil, | 7 and |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
battle; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 And, | therefore, | little | 7 shall I | grace my |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
cause, |
△ ∴

7 In | speaking | 7 for my | self: | | yet | 7 by your |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
patience, | –
△ ∴ ∴

I will a | round, | 7un | varnish'd | tale de | liver, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Of my | whole | course of | love: | 7 what | drugs, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 what | charms, |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 What | conju | ration, | 7 and what | mighty | ma-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △
gic, |
∴

7 (For | such pro | ceeding | 7 I am | charg'd with |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
al) |
△ ∴

I | won his | daughter | with. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Her | father | lov'd me; | | oft in | vited me; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴

| Still | question'd me | 7 the | story of my | life, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

7 From | year to | year; | | 7 the | battles, | sieges,
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| fortunes, |
△ ∴

That I have | past. | | |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

I 7 | run it | thro', | even from my | boyish | days, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 To the | very | moment | 7 that he | bade me | tell it. |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Where | in, | 7 I | spoke, | 7 of | most dis | astrous |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
chances; |
△ ∴

7 Of | moving | accidents, | 7 by | flood and | field; |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 Of | hair-breadth | 'scapes | 7 in the | imminent |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ ∴
deadly | breach; | |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴

7 Of | being | taken, | 7 by the | insolent | foe, |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴

7 And | sold to | slavery; | | 7 of my re | demption
△ ∴ △ ∴ △∴∴ △∴△∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| thence; | |
△ ∴ △∴

7 Of | battles | bravely, | hardly | fought; | | 7 of |
△∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴
victories, |
△∴ ∴

7 For | which the | conqueror | mourn'd | | so |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △∴△∴
many | fell! | | |
△∴ △∴△∴△∴

Sometimes | 7 I | told the | story | 7 of a | siege, |
△ ∴ △∴ △ ∴ △∴ △∴∴ △∴

7 Where | in, 7 | 7 I | had to | combat | plagues and |
△ ∴ △∴△∴ △ ∴ △∴ △ ∴
famine, | |
△ ∴ △∴

Soldiers | 7 un | paid; | | fearful to | fight, | 7 yet |
△ ∴ △∴ △∴△∴ △∴ ∴ △∴ △∴
bold |
△∴

7 In | dangerous | mutiny. | | |
△∴ △ ∴ ∴ △∴ ∴ △∴△∴
These | things to | hear |
△∴ △ ∴ △∴

7 Would | Desde | mona | | seriously | 7 in | cline:
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴

7 But | still, | 7 the | house af | fairs | 7 would | draw
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
her | thence; |
∴ △ ∴

7 Which | ever, | 7 as she | could with | haste de |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
spatch, |
△ ∴

7 She'd | come a | gain, | 7 and with a | greedy | ear |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 De | vour up | 7 my dis | course: | | 7 which | I ob-
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
| serving, |
△ ∴

Took | once | 7 a | pliant | hour; | | 7 and | found |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
good | means |
△ ∴ △ ∴

7 To | draw from her | 7 a | prayer of | earnest | heart, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
That I would | all | 7 my | pilgrimage | 7 di | late, |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 Where | of by | parcels | 7 she had | something |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
heard, |
△ ∴

7 But | not dis | tinctively. | | | I | did con |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sent, |
△ ∴

7 And | often | 7 did be | guile her | 7 of her | tears |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴

| When I did | speak of | some dis | tressful |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
stroke |
△ ∴
7 That my | youth | suffer'd. | | | 7 My | story |
△ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
being | done, |
△ ∴ △ ∴
7 She | gave me, | 7 for my | pains, | 7 a | world of |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
sighs! | |
△ ∴ △ ∴
7 She | swore, | 7 "In | faith | 7 'twas | strange, | 7
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
'twas | passing | strange; | |
∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 'Twas | pitiful, | 7 'twas | wondrous | pitiful." | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
7 She | wish'd | 7 she | had not | heard it; | | yet
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △
she | wish'd |
∴ △ ∴
That | heaven had | made | her | such a | man; | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 she | thank'd me | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | bade me, | | if I had a | friend that |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
lov'd her, |
△ ∴
7 I | should but | teach him | how to | tell my | story, |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
7 And | that would | woo her. | | | 7 On | this |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴
hint | 7 I | spake. | | |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴

7 She | lov'd | me, | 7 for the | dangers | 7 I had |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴
pass'd; | |
△ ∴
7 And | I | lov'd | her | that she did | pity them. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴
This, | only, | 7 is the | witchcraft | 7 I have | used. |
△ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴ △ ∴ ∴ △ ∴
| |
△ ∴ △ ∴

THE SPEECH OF ACHITHOPHEL TO ABSALOM.

DRYDEN.

7 Aus | picious | Prince, | 7 at | whose | nativity |
7 Some | royal | planet | rul'd the | southern | sky! |
7 Thy | longing | country's | darling | 7 and de | sire, |
7 Their | cloudy | pillar | 7 and their | guardian | fire; |
7 Their | second | Moses, | | whose ex | tended |
wand |
7 Di | vides the | seas, | 7 and | shows the | Promis'd |
Land; | |
7 Whose | dawning | day, | 7 in | every | distant |
age, | |
7 Has | exercis'd | 7 the | sacred | prophet's | rage; |
| 7 The | people's | prayer, | 7 the | glad di | viner's |
theme. |
7 The | young men's | vision, | 7 and the | old men's
| dream: |

| Thee, | saviour, | | thee, | 7 the | nation's | vows
| 7 con | fess, |
7 And | never | satisfied with | seeing, | | bless. | |
Swift unbe | spoken | pomps | 7 thy | steps pro |
claim, |
7 And | stammering | babes | 7 are | taught to | lisp |
7 thy | name. | | |
How | long | wilt thou the | general | joy de | tain, |
| Starve and de | fraud the | people | 7 of thy | reign; |
7 Con | tent in | gloriously | 7 to | pass thy | days, |
7 Like | one of | Virtue's | fools, | 7 that | feed on |
praise; | |
Till thy | fresh | glories, | 7 which | now | shine | so
| bright, |
7 Grow | stale and | tarnish, | 7 with our | daily |
sight? | | |
7 Be | lieve me, | royal | youth, | 7 thy | fruit | must
| be, |
7 Or | gather'd | ripe, | 7 or | rot | upon the | tree: | |
Heav'n has to | all al | lotted, | | soon or | late, |
7 Some lucky | revo | lution | 7 of their | fate, |
7 Whose | motions, | 7 if we | watch and | guide with
| skill, |
7 (For | human | good de | pends on | human | will,) |
7 Our | fortune | rolls | as from a | smooth de | scent, |
| And from the | first im | pression, | | takes the |
bent; | |
But if un | seiz'd, | 7 she | glides a | way like | wind, |
7 And | leaves re | penting | Folly | far be | hind. | | |
Now, | now she | meets you | 7 with a | glorious |
prize,
7 And | spreads her | locks be | fore you | 7 as she |
flies. | | |

7 Had | thus old | David, | 7 from whose | loins you | spring, |
Not | dar'd, | 7 when | Fortune | call'd | him, | 7 to be | king, |
7 At | Gath, | 7 an | exile | he might | still | 7 re | main, |
7 And | Heaven's a | nointing | oil, | 7 had been in | vain. | | |
Let his suc | cessful | youth | 7 your | hopes en | gage, |
7 But | shun | 7 the ex | ample | 7 of de | clining | age; | |
7 Be | hold him | setting | 7 in his | western | skies, |
7 The | shadows | lengthening, | 7 as the | vapours | rise | | |
7 He | is not | now | as when on | Jordan's | sand |
7 The | joyful | people | throng'd to | see him | land, |
Covering the | beach, | 7 and | blackening | all the | strand; | | |
But 7 | like the | prince of | angels, | 7 from his | height, |
| Comes | tumbling | downward, | 7 with di | minish'd | light, | |
7 Be | tray'd by | one | poor | plot | 7 to | public | scorn! |
7 (Our | only | blessing | 7 since his | curs'd re | turn!) | | |
Those | heaps of | people, | 7 which | one | sheaf | did | bind, |
Blown | off, and | scatter'd | 7 by a | puff of | wind. | | |
What | strength | can he, | 7 to your de | signs op | pose, |
Naked of | friends, | 7 and | round be | set with | foes? | | |

7 If | Pharaoh's | doubtful | succour | 7 he should | use, |
7 A | foreign | aid | 7 would | more in | cense the | Jews: | |
Proud | Egypt | 7 would dis | sembled | friendship | bring, |
7 Fo | ment the | war, | 7 but | not sup | port the | king: | |
Nor would the | royal | party | | e'er u | nite |
7 With | Pharaoh's | arms, | 7 to as | sist the | Jebusite; |
| Or if they | should, | 7 their | interest | soon would | break, | |
And with such | odious | aid, | 7 make | David | weak. | | |
All | sorts of | men, | 7 by | my suc | cessful | arts, |
| 7 Ab | horring | kings, | 7 es | trange their | alter'd | hearts |
7 From | David's rule: | | 7 and | 'tis their | general | cry, |
7 Re | ligion, | | Commonwealth, | 7 and | Liberty! | | |
7 If | you, | 7 as | champion of the | public | good, |
Add to their | arms, | 7 a | chief of | royal | blood, |
What may not | Israel | hope, | 7 and | what ap | plause |
7 Might | such a | general | gain, | 7 by | such a | cause! | |
Not | barren | praise | 7 a | lone, | that | gaudy | flower, |
Fair | only to the | sight, | 7 but | solid | power; |
| 7 And | nobler | 7 is a | limited com | mand, |
| Giv'n by the | love of | all your | native | land, |

| Than a suc | cessive | title, | | long and | dark, | ¶ Drawn from the | mouldy | rolls | ¶ of | Noah's | ark. | | |

FOURTH CHAPTER OF JOHN.

¶ When | therefore | ¶ the | Lord | knew how the | Pharisees had | heard ¶ | ¶ that | Jesus | made and bap | tised | more dis | ciples than | John, | ¶ though | Jesus him | self | ¶ bap | tised | not, | but | ¶ his dis | ciples, | ¶ he | left Judea, | ¶ and de | parted a | gain | ¶ into | Galilee. | | | And he must | needs | go | through Sa | maria. | | | Then | cometh he | ¶ to a | city of Sam | aria, | ¶ which is | called | Sychar, | | near to the | parcel of | ground | that | Jacob | gave | ¶ to his | son | Joseph. | | | ¶ Now | Jacob's | well | ¶ was | there. | | | Jesus | therefore | being | wearied with his | journey, | | sat | thus | ¶ on the | well: | | and it was a | bout the | sixth | hour. | | | There | cometh a | woman of Sam | aria | ¶ to | draw | water. | | | Jesus | saith unto her, | | Give me to | drink. | | ¶ for his dis | ciples | ¶ were | gone a | way | ¶ into the | city, | ¶ to | buy | meat. | | | | Then saith the | woman of Sam | aria | unto him, | | How is it | ¶ that | thou, | being a | Jew, | askest | drink of | me, | ¶ who am a | woman of Sam | aria? | ¶ for the | Jews | ¶ have no | dealings | ¶ with the Sam | aritans. | | | | Jesus | answered and | said unto her, | | If thou | knewest the | gift of | God, | ¶ and | who it | is | ¶ that | saith to thee, | give me to | drink; | | thou wouldest have | asked of | him, | ¶ and | he would have | given thee | living | water. | | |

7 The | woman | saith unto him, | Sir, | thou hast | nothing to | draw with, | 7 and the | well is | deep: | | from | whence | then | hast thou | that | living | water. | | 7 Art | thou | greater than our | father | Jacob, | 7 who | gave us the | well, | 7 and | drank thereof, | 7 him | self, | 7 and his | children, | 7 and his | cattle? | | | Jesus | answered and | said unto her, | | whoso | ever | drinketh of | this | water, | 7 shall | thirst a | gain: | | 7 but | whoso | ever | drinketh of the | water | 7 that | I shall | give him, | 7 shall | never | thirst; | | 7 but the | water that | I shall | give him | 7 shall | be in him, | 7 a | well of | water, | | springing | up | into | ever | lasting | life. | | | 7 The | woman | saith unto him, | | Sir, | give me this | water, | 7 that I | thirst not, | | neither | come | hither | 7 to | draw. | | | Jesus | saith unto her, | | go, | call thy | husband, | 7 and | come | hither. | | | 7 The | woman | answered and | said, | 7 I | have no | husband. | | | Jesus | said unto her, | | thou hast | well | said, | 7 I have | no | husband: | | 7 for thou | hast | had | five | husbands; | 7 and | he whom thou | now | hast, | 7 is | not thy | husband: | | 7 in | that 7 | saidst thou | truly | | | 7 The | woman | saith unto him, | | Sir, | 7 I per | ceive. | 7 that | thou art a | prophet. | | | Our | fathers | worshipped | 7 in | this | mountain; | | 7 and | ye | say, | 7 that in Je | rusalem | 7 is the | place | 7 where | men | ought to | worship. | | | Jesus | saith unto her, | | woman, | 7 be | lieve me. | 7 the | hour | cometh, | | when ye shall | neither | 7 in | this | mountain, | 7 nor | yet in Je | rusalem, | | worship the | Father. | | | Ye 7 | worship | 7 ye | know not | what: | We | know

| what | we | worship; | | 7 for sal | vation | 7 is of the | Jews. | | | 7 But the | hour | cometh, | 7 and | now | is | 7 when the | true | worshipers | 7 shall | worship the | Father | 7 in | spirit | 7 and in | truth: | | 7 for the | Father | seeketh | such | 7 to | worship him. | | | | God | 7 is a | spirit: | 7 and | they that | worship | him, | 7 must | worship him | 7 in | spirit | 7 and in | truth. | | | 7 The | woman | saith unto him, | | | 7 I | know | 7 that Mes | sias | cometh, | 7 which is | called | Christ: | 7 when | he is | come, | 7 he will | tell us | all things. | | | Jesus | saith unto her, | I that | speak unto thee | am | he. | | | And upon | this | came his dis | ciples, | 7 and | marvelled | 7 that he | talked with the | woman: | | 7 Yet | no man | said, | what | seekest thou? | | 7 or | why | talkest thou | with her. | | | 7 The | woman | then | left her | water pot, | 7 and | went her | way | into the | city, | | 7 and | saith to the | men, | | come | see a | man | 7 that | told me | all things | 7 that | ever I | did: | | Is not | this the | Christ? | | | Then | they went | out of the | city, | 7 and | came unto him. | | | 7 In the | mean | while | 7 his dis | ciples | prayed him, | | saying, | | master, | | eat; | | 7 but he | said unto them, | I have | meat to | eat | 7 that | ye | know not of. | | |

Therefore | said the dis | ciples | one to an | other, | | 7 hath | any man | brought him | aught to | eat? | | | Jesus | saith unto them, | | My | meat | 7 is to | do the | will of | him that | sent me, | 7 and to | finish his | work. | | | Say not ye, | 7 there are | yet | four | months, | 7 and | then | cometh the | harvest? | | 7 be | hold 7 | 7 I | say unto you, | | lift up your | eyes, | 7 and | look on the | fields; | | 7 for

they are | white al | ready | 7 to | harvest. | | |
7 And | he that | reapeth | 7 re | ceiveth | wages, |
7 and | gathereth | fruit | 7 unto | life e | ternal; | |
7 that both | he that | soweth | 7 and | he that | reapeth
| 7 may re | joice to | gether. | | | 7 And | here |
in 7 | 7 is | that | saying | true, | | One | soweth, |
and an | other | reapeth. | | | 7 I | sent you to | reap
| that 7 | 7 where | on ye be | stowed | no | labour: |
| Other | men | laboured, | 7 and | ye are | entered |
7 into | their | labours. | | | 7 And | many of the Sa
| maritans | 7 of | that | city | 7 be | lieved on him |
7 for the | saying of the | woman, | 7 which | testified,
| 7 he | told me | all that | ever I | did. | | | 7 So |
when the Sa | maritans | 7 were | come unto him, |
7 they be | sought him | 7 that he would | tarry with
them: | | 7 and he a | bode | there | two | days. | | |
7 And | many | more be | lieved on him | 7 be | cause
of his | own | words; | 7 and | said unto the | woman,
| | Now we be | lieve, | not be | cause of | thy |
saying: | 7 for we have | heard him our | selves, | 7 and
| know, | 7 that | this is in | deed | 7 the | Christ, |
7 the | Saviour | 7 of the | world. | | |

ST. PAUL'S DEFENCE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

ACTS XXXVI. 1.

THEN A | grippa | said unto | Paul, | | Thou art
per | mitted to | speak for thy | self. | | | Then
| Paul | stretched forth the | hand, | 7 and | answered
| 7 for him | self. | | |

7 I | think myself | happy, | | King A | grippa, | 7
be | cause I shall | answer for my | self | this | day |

7 be | fore | thee, | touching | all the | things | 7 where | of | 7 I am ac | cused | 7 of the | Jews: | | wherefore | 7 I be | seech thee | 7 to | hear me | patiently. | | | 7 My | manner of | life | 7 from my | youth, | | which was at the | first | 7 a | mong mine | own | nation | 7 at Je | rusalem, | know | all the | Jews; | | 7 which | knew me | 7 from the be | ginning, | if they would | testify; | 7 that | after the | most | straitest | sect | 7 of our re | ligion | 7 I | lived a | Pharisee. | | | 7 And | now | 7 I | stand | 7 and am | judged | 7 for the | hope of the | promise | made of | God | 7 unto our | fathers: | | 7 unto | which | promise | 7 our | twelve | tribes, | instantly | serving | God | day and | night, | hope to | come. | | | 7 For | which | hope's | sake, | King A | grippa, | | I am ac | cused | 7 of the | Jews. | | | Why | should it be | thought | 7 a | thing in | credible | 7 with | you, | 7 that | God | 7 should | raise the | dead? | | | I | verily | thought with my | self, | 7 that I | ought to | do | many things | contrary | 7 to the | name of | Jesus of | Nazareth. | | | 7 Which | thing | 7 I | also | did | 7 in Je | rusalem: | 7 and | many of the | saints | 7 did I | shut up in | prison, | | having re | ceived au | thority | 7 from the | chief | priests; | | 7 and | when they were | put to | death, | 7 I | gave | my | voice | 7 a | gainst them. | | | 7 And I | punished them | oft | 7 in | every | synagogue, | 7 and com | pelled them | 7 to blas | pheme; | | 7 and | being ex | ceedingly | mad a | gainst them, | 7 I | persecuted them | even unto | strange | cities. | | | Whereupon as I | went to Da | mascus, | | 7 with au | thority, | 7 and com | mission | 7 from the | chief | priests, | 7 at | mid | day, | O | king, | 7 I | saw in the | way | 7 a | light from | heaven, | 7 a

| bove the | brightness | 7 of the | sun, | | shining | round a | bout | me, | 7 and | them which | journeyed | with me. | | | 7 And | when we were | all | fallen to the | earth, | 7 I | heard a | voice | speaking unto me, | 7 and | saying | 7 in the | Hebrew | tongue, | | Saul, | | Saul. | why | persecutest thou | me? | | 7 it is | hard | for thee | 7 to | kick a | gainst the | pricks. | | | 7 And I | said, | Who | art thou, | Lord? | | | 7 And he | said, | 7 I am | Jesus, | | whom thou | persecutest. | | | 7 But | rise | 7 and | stand upon thy | feet; | | 7 for | I have ap | peared unto thee | 7 for | this | purpose, | 7 to | make thee a | minister | 7 and a | witness | | both of | these | things | which thou hast | seen, | 7 and of | those | things | 7 in the | which | 7 I will ap | pear unto thee; | | 7 de | livering thee | 7 from the | people, | 7 and from the | Gentiles, | 7 unto | whom | now I | send thee: | 7 to | open their | eyes, | 7 and to | turn them | 7 from | darkness | 7 to | light, | 7 and from the | power of | Satan | 7 unto | God; | | 7 that | they may re | ceive | 7 for | giveness of | sins, | 7 and in | heritance | 7 a | mong | them which are | sanctified, | 7 by | faith | 7 that is in | me. | | | Whereup | on, | O | king A | grippa, | | I was | not diso | bedient | 7 unto the | heavenly | vision: | | 7 but | showed | first | 7 unto | them of Da | mascus, | | 7 and at Je | rusalem, | 7 and through | out | all the | coasts of Ju | dea, | 7 and | then | 7 to the | Gentiles, | | that they should re | pent | 7 and | turn to | God, | 7 and | do | works | meet for re | pentance. | | | 7 For | these | causes | 7 the | Jews | caught me in the | temple, | | 7 and | went a | bout | 7 to | kill me. | | | Having | therefore | 7 ob | tained | help of | God, | 7 I con | tinue | 7 unto | this | day, | witnessing |

both to | small and | great, | | saying | none | other | things | 7 than | those | 7 which the | prophets | 7 and | Moses | 7 did | say, | 7 should | come. | | | 7 That | Christ | 7 should | suffer, | 7 and that | he should be the | first | 7 that should | rise from the | dead, | 7 and should | shew | light | 7 unto the | people, | and | 7 to the | Gentiles. | | | 7 And as he | thus | spake for himself, | | Festus | said with a | loud | voice, | | Paul, | thou art be | side thyself; | | much | learning | 7 doth | make thee | mad. | | | But he | said, | 7 I am | not | mad, | 7 most | noble | Festus, | 7 but | speak forth the | words of | truth | 7 and | soberness. | | | 7 For the | king | knoweth of | these | things, | 7 be | fore | whom | also | 7 I | speak | freely: | | 7 for | I am per | suaded | 7 that | none of | these | things | 7 are | hidden from | him; | | 7 for | this | thing | 7 was | not | done in a | corner. | | | King A | grippa, | 7 be | lievest thou the | prophets? | | | 7 I | know | 7 that thou be | lievest. | | | Then | 7 A | grippa | said unto | Paul, | Al | most | thou per | suadest | me | 7 to be a | Christian. | | | 7 And | Paul | said, | 7 I | would to | God, | 7 that | not only | thou, | 7 but | also | all that | hear me | this | day, | 7 were | both | al | most, | 7 and | alto | gether | such as | I am, | 7 ex | cept | these | bonds. | | |

SONG OF MOSES.

EXODUS, XV. 1.

Then | sang | Moses | 7 and the | children of | Israel | this | song | 7 unto the | Lord, | 7 and | spake, | saying, | 7 I will | sing unto the | Lord, | 7 for he

hath | triumphed | gloriously: | | 7 the | horse | 7 and his | rider | 7 hath he | thrown into the | sea. | | | 7 The | Lord | 7 is my | strength and | song, | 7 and | he is be | come my sal | vation; | | he is | my | God, | 7 and | I will pre | pare him an | habi | tation; | | 7 my | father's | God, | 7 and | I will ex | alt him. | | | 7 The | Lord | 7 is a | man of | war: | 7 Je | hovah | 7 is his | name. | | | Pharaoh's | chariots | 7 and his | host | 7 hath he | cast into the | sea: | | | 7 his | chosen | captains | also | 7 are | drowned in the | Red | Sea. | | | 7 The | depths | 7 have | covered them: | | 7 they | sank into the | bottom | 7 as a | stone. | | | Thy | right | hand, | O | Lord, | 7 is be | come | glorious in | power: | | thy | right | hand | O | Lord, | 7 hath | dashed in | pieces | 7 the | enemy. | | | 7 And in the | greatness of thine | excellency | thou hast | over | thrown | them | 7 that | rose up a | gainst thee; | | 7 thou | sentest forth thy | wrath, | 7 which con | sumed them | 7 as | stubble. | | | 7 and with the | blast of thy | nostrils | 7 the | waters | 7 were | gathered to | gether, | | 7 the | floods | stood | upright | 7 as an | heap, | 7 and the | depths | 7 were con | gealed | 7 in the | heart of the | sea. | | | 7 The | enemy | said, | I will pur | sue, | I will | over | take, | I will di | vide the | spoil; | 7 my | lust | 7 shall be | satisfied | 7 up | on them: | | 7 I will | draw my | sword, | 7 my | hand shall des | troy them. | | | Thou didst | blow with thy | wind, | 7 the | sea | covered them: | | 7 they | sank as | lead | 7 in the | mighty | waters. | | | Who is | like unto | thee, | O | 7 Je | hovah | 7 a | mong the | Gods? | | Who is | like | thee, | | glorious in | holiness, | | fearful in | praises, | | doing | wonders? | | | 7 Thou | stretchedst out thy |

right | hand, | 7 the | earth | swallowed them. | | | Thou | 7 in thy | mercy | 7 hast | led forth the | people | 7 which | thou hast re | deemed: | | 7 thou hast | guided them | 7 in thy | strength | 7 unto thy | holy | habi | tation. | | | 7 The | people shall | hear, | 7 and be a | fraid: | | sorrow | 7 shall take | hold | 7 on the in | habitants of | Pales | tina. | | | Then the | Dukes of | Edom | 7 shall be a | mazed; | | 7 the | mighty | men of | Moab, | | trembling | 7 shall take | hold up | on them: | | all the in | habitants | 7 of Ca | naan | 7 shall | melt a | way. | | | Fear and | dread | 7 shall | fall up | on them; | | 7 by the | greatness of | thine | arm | they shall be as | still | 7 as a | stone; | 7 till | thy | people | pass | over, | O | Lord, | 7 till the | people | pass | over, | 7 which | thou hast purchased. | | | Thou shalt | bring them | in, | 7 and | plant them | 7 in the | mountain | 7 of thine in | heritance, | 7 in the | place, | O | Lord, | 7 which | thou hast | made | 7 for | thee to | dwell in, | 7 in the | sanctuary, | O | Lord, | 7 which | thy | hands | 7 have es | tablished. | | | 7 Je | hovah | 7 shall | reign | 7 for | ever | 7 and | ever. | | |

ISAIAH, CHAP. XXXV.

7 The | wilderness | 7 and the | solitary | place | 7 shall be | glad for them; | | and the | desert | 7 shall re | joice | 7 and | blossom | 7 as the | rose. | | | 7 It shall | blossom a | bundantly. | 7 and re | joice | even with | joy and | singing: | | 7 the | glory of | Lebanon | 7 shall be | given | 7 unto it, | | 7 the | excellency of | Carmel | 7 and | Sharon. | | 7 they shall | see the | glory of the | Lord, | 7 and the | excellency of | our |

God. | | | Strengthen ye | 7 the | weak | hands, | 7 and con | firm the | feeble | knees. | | | Say to | them | that are of a | fearful | heart, | Be | strong; | fear | not: | | | 7 be | hold, | 7your | God | 7 will | come with | vengeance, | | even | God | 7 with a | recompense; | | he will | come and | save you. | | | Then the | eyes of the | blind | 7 shall be | opened, | 7 and the | ears of the | deaf | 7 shall be un | stopped. | | | Then | 7 shall the | lame | man | leap as an | hart, | | 7 and the | tongue of the | dumb | sing: | | 7 for in the | wilderness | 7 shall | waters | break | out, | 7 and | streams | 7 in the | desert. | | | 7 And the | parched | ground | 7 shall be | come a | pool, | 7 and the | thirsty | land | springs of | water: | | 7 in the | habi | tation of | dragons | 7 where | each | lay, | 7 shall be | grass | 7 with | reeds and | rushes. | | | 7 And a | high | way | 7 shall be | there, | 7 and a | way, | 7 and | it shall be | called, | 7 the | way of | holiness; | | 7 the | un | clean | 7 shall | not | pass | over it; | | but it shall | be for | those: | | 7 the | wayfaring | men, | though | fools, | shall not | err | 7 there | in. | | | No | lion | 7 shall be | there, | | 7 nor | any | ravenous | beast | 7shall | go up | 7 there | on; | 7 it shall | not be | found | there: | 7 but the re | deemed | 7 shall | walk there: | | 7 And the | ransomed of the | Lord | 7 shall re | turn, | 7 and | come to | Zion | 7 with | songs | 7 and | ever | lasting | joy | 7 upon their | heads: | | they shall ob | tain | joy and | gladness, | | 7 and | sorrow and | sighing | 7 shall | flee a | way. | | |

ON SINCERITY.

FROM A. B. P. TILLOTSON, (ABRIDGED.)

TRUTH | 7 and sin | cerity | 7 have | all the ad | vantages | 7 of ap | pearance, | 7 and | many | more. | | | 7 If the | show of | any thing | 7 be | good for | any thing, | | 7 I am | sure | 7 the re | ality | 7 is | better: | | 7 for | why | 7 does | any man | 7 dis | semble, | 7 or | seem to be | that which he | is | not, | | but be | cause | 7 he | thinks it | good to | have | 7 the | qualities | 7 he pre | tends to? | | | Now the | best | way | 7 for a | man to | seem to be | any thing, | is to | be in re | ality, | | what he would | seem to be: | | 7 be | sides, | 7 it is | often as | troublesome | 7 to sup | port the pre | tence of a | good | quality, | 7 as to | have it; | 7 and | if a | man | have it not, | 7 it is | most | likely | he will be dis | covered to | want it; | | 7 and | then, | all his | labour to | seem to | have it, | 7 is | lost. | | | 7 There is | something | un | natural | 7 in | painting, | 7 which a | skilful | eye | 7 will | easily dis | cern | 7 from | native | beauty | 7 and com | plexion. | | |

Therefore, | 7 if | any man | think it con | venient to | seem | good, | let him | be so in | deed: | | 7 and | then | 7 his | goodness will ap | pear | 7 to | every one's | 7 satis | faction. | | | 7 Par | ticularly, | | as to the af | fairs of | this | world, | 7 in | tegrity | 7 hath | many ad | vantages | over | all the arti | ficial | modes | 7 of | dissimu | lation | 7 and de | ceit. | | | 7 It is | much the | plainer | 7 and | easier, | | much the | safer, | 7 and | more se | cure | way of | dealing in the | world; | | 7 it has | less of | trouble and | dif-

ficulty, | 7 of en | tanglement | 7 and per | plexity, | 7 of | danger and | hazard | 7 in it. | | | 7 The | arts of de | ceit and | cunning | 7 con | tinually | grow | weaker, | 7 and | less | serviceable | 7 to | those that | practise them; | | 7 where | as | 7 in | tegrity | | gains | strength by | use; | | 7 and the | more and | longer | any man | practiseth it, | 7 the | greater | service | 7 it | does him; | | 7 by con | firming his | repu | tation, | 7 and en | couraging | those | 7 with | whom he | hath to | do; | 7 to re | pose the | greatest | confidence | 7 in him: | | which is an un | speakable ad | vantage | 7 in | business, | 7 and the af | fairs of | life. | | |

7 But | insin | cerity | 7 is | very | troublesome to | manage. | | | 7 A | hypocrite | 7 hath | so many | things | 7 to at | tend to, | 7 as | make his | life | 7 a | very per | plexed and | intricate | thing. | | | 7 A | liar | 7 hath | need of a | good | memory, | | lest he | contra | dict | 7 at | one | time | 7 what he | said at an | other: | | 7 but | truth | 7 is | always con | sistent, | 7 and | needs | nothing to | help it | out: | | 7 it is | always | near at | hand, | 7 and | sits upon our | lips; | | 7 where | as a | lie | 7 is | troublesome, | 7 and | needs a | great | many | more | 7 to | make it | good. | | |

7 In a | word, | whatso | ever con | venience | 7 may be | thought | 7 to | be in | falsehood | 7 and dis | simu- | lation, | 7 it is | soon | over; | | but the | incon | venience of it | 7 is per | petual; | | 7 be | cause | 7 it | brings a | man | under an | ever | lasting | jealousy | and sus | picion; | | so that he is | not be | lieved | 7 when he | speaks the | truth; | | 7 nor | trusted | 7 when per | haps, | 7 he | means | honestly. | | | When a |

man hath | once | forfeited | 7 the repu | tation | 7 of his in | tegrity, | | nothing | 7 will | then | serve his | turn: | | neither | truth | nor | falsehood. | | |

7 In | deed, | 7 if a | man were | only to | deal in the | world | 7 for a | day, | 7 and should | never have oc | casion | 7 to con | verse | more with man | kind, | it were | then | 7 no | great | matter | 7 (as | far as res | pects the af | fairs of | this | world) | 7 if he | spent his | repu | tation | all at | once; | 7 or | ventured it | 7 at | one | throw. | | | But if he | be to con | tinue | 7 in the | world, | 7 and would | have the ad | vantage of | repu | tation | whilst he is | in it, | | let him | make | use of | truth | 7 and sin | cerity | 7 in | all his | words and | actions; | | 7 for | nothing but | this | 7 will | hold | out | 7 to the | end. | | | All | other | arts | 7 may fail; | 7 but | truth | 7 and in- | tegrity | 7 will | carry a | man | through, | 7 and | bear him | out | 7 to the | last. | | |

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

Mr. | President, | | 7 it is | natural to | man | 7 to in | dulge in the il | lusions of | hope. | | | 7 We are | apt to | shut our | eyes | 7 a | gainst a | painful | truth, | | 7 and | listen to the | song of that | Syren, | | till she trans | forms us | 7 into | beasts. | | | 7 Is | this the | part of | wise | men, | 7 en | gaged in a | great and | arduous | struggle | 7 for | liberty? | | | Are we dis | posed | 7 to | be of the | number of | those | 7 who | having | eyes, | see not, | 7 and | having | ears, | hear not the | things | 7 which so | nearly con | cern our | temporal sal | vation? | | |

7 For | my | part, | 7 what | ever | anguish of | spirit | 7 it may | cost, | | I am | willing to | know the | whole | truth; | | 7 to | know the | worst, | | and to pro | vide for it. | | |

7 I | have but | one | lamp, | 7 by which | my | feet are | guided; | | 7 and | that | 7 is the | lamp of ex | perience. | | | 7 I | know of | no | way of | judging of the | future | | but by the | past. | | | 7 And | judging by the | past, | 7 I | wish to | know | what there has | been | 7 in the | conduct of the | British | ministry | 7 for the | last | ten | years, | 7 to | justify | 7 those | hopes | 7 with which | gentlemen | 7 have been | pleased to | solace them | selves | 7 and the | house? | | | Is it | that in | sidious | smile | 7 with | which our pe | tition | 7 has been | lately re | ceived? | | | Trust it | not | 7 Sir; | 7 it will | prove a | snare | 7 to your | feet. | | | Suffer not your | selves | 7 to be be | trayed | 7 with a | kiss. | | | Ask yourselves | how this | gracious re | ception | 7 of our pe | tition | 7 com | ports with those | warlike | prepa | rations | 7 which | cover our | waters | 7 and | darken our | land. | | | 7 Are | fleets | 7 and | armies | necessary | 7 to a | work of | love and | reconcili | ation? | | | 7 Have we | shown ourselves | so un | willing to be | reconciled, | 7 that | force | 7 must be | called | in | 7 to | win | back our | love? | | | 7 Let us | not de | ceive ourselves, | 7 Sir. | | | These | 7 are the | implements of | war | 7 and | subju | gation; | | 7 the | last | arguments | 7 to which | kings re | sort. | | | 7 I | ask | gentlemen, | 7 Sir, | what | means this | martial ar | ray, | 7 if its | purpose | be not to | force us to sub | mission? | | | 7 Can | gentlemen as | sign any | other | possible | motive for it? | | | 7 Has |

Great | Britain | any | enemy | 7 in | this | quarter of the | world, | 7 to | call for | all this ac | cumu | lation | 7 of | navies and | armies? | | | No, Sir, | she has | none. | | | 7 They are | meant for | us: | | 7 they | can be | meant for | no | other. | | | 7 They are | sent | over | 7 to | bind and | rivet upon | us | those | chains, | 7 which the | British | ministry | 7 have been | so | long | forging. | | | 7 and | what have | we | 7 to op | pose to them? | | | 7 Shall we | try | argument? | | | Sir, | 7 we | have been | trying | that | 7 for the | last | ten | years. | | | 7 Have we | any thing | new | 7 to | offer | 7 upon the | subject? | | | Nothing. | | | 7 We have | held the | subject | up | 7 in | every | light | 7 of | which it is | capable; | | but | 7 it has been | all in | vain. | | | Shall we re | sort to en- | treaty | 7 and | humble | suppli | cation? | | | What | terms | 7 shall we | find | 7 which have | not been al | ready | 7 ex | hausted? | | | Let us | not, | 7 I be | seech you, Sir, | 7 de | ceive ourselves | longer. | | | Sir, | 7 we have | done | every thing | 7 that | could be | done, | 7 to a | vert the | storm | 7 which is | now | coming | on. | | | We have pe | titioned, | | we have re | monstrated, | | we have | supplicated, | | we have | prostrated ourselves | 7 be | fore the | throne, | | 7 and have im | plored its | interpo | sition | 7 to ar | rest the ty | rannical | hands | 7 of the | ministry | 7 and | parliament. | | | 7 Our pe | titions | 7 have been | slighted; | | 7 our re | monstrances | 7 have pro | duced ad | ditional | violence | 7 and | insult; | | 7 our | suppli | cations | 7 have been | disre | garded; | | 7 and | we have been | spurned, | 7 with con | tempt, | 7 from the | foot of the | throne. | | | 7 In | vain, | 7 after | these | things, | 7 may we in |

dulge the | fond | hope | 7 of | peace | 7 and | reconci- li | ation. | | | 7 *There is* | *no* | *longer* | *any* | *room for* | *hope.* | | | If we | wish to be | free, | | if we | mean to pre | serve in | violate | those in | estimable | privileges | 7 for | which we have been | so | long con | tending, | | if we | mean not | basely to a | bandon | 7 the | noble | struggle | 7 in | which we have been | so | long en | gaged, | 7 and | which we have | pledged ourselves | never to a | bandon, | | until the | glorious | object | 7 of our | contest | 7 shall be ob | tained. | | We must | fight. | | | 7 I re | peat it Sir, | 7 we | must | fight! | | | 7 An ap | peal to | arms, | and to the | God of | Hosts, | 7 is | all | 7 that is | left us! | | | 7 They | tell us, | 7 Sir, | 7 that we are | weak, | 7 un | able to | cope with so | formidable an | adversary. | | | 7 But, | when shall we be | stronger? | | | Will it be the | next | week | 7 or the | next | year? | | | Will it | be | 7 when we are | totally dis | armed, 7 and | when a | British | guard | 7 shall be | stationed in | every | house? | | | 7 Shall we | gather | strength | 7 by | irreso | lution | 7 and in | action? | | | 7 Shall we ac | quire the | means of ef | fectual re | sistance, | 7 by | lying su | pinely | 7 on our | backs, | 7 and | hugging the de | lusive | phantom of | hope. | 7 un | til our | enemies | 7 shall have | bound us | hand and | foot? | | | Sir, | 7 we are | not | weak, | 7 if we | make a | proper | use of | those | means | 7 which the | God of | Nature | 7 hath | placed in our | power. | | | Three | millions of | people, | | armed in the | holy | cause of | liberty, | 7 and in | such a | country | 7 as | that which | we pos | sess, | 7 are in | vincible | 7 by | any | force | 7 which our | enemy can | send a | gainst us. | | | 7 Be | sides, Sir, | 7 we shall | not | fight our | battles a | lone. | | | There is a | just | God | 7 who

pre | sides | over the | destinies of | nations; | | 7 and | who will | raise | up | friends | 7 to | fight our | battles | for us. | | | 7 The | battle Sir, | 7 is | not to the | strong | 7 a | lone, | | it is to the | vigilant, | 7 the | active, | 7 the | brave. | | | 7 Be | sides Sir, | 7 we have | no e | lection. | | | If we were | base enough | 7 to de | sire it, | 7 it is | now | too | late | 7 to re | tire from the | contest. | | | 7 There is | no re | treat, | | but in sub | mission | 7 and | slavery. | | | 7 Our | chains are | forged. | | | 7 Their | clanking | 7 may be | heard | on the | plains of | Boston. | | | 7 The | war | 7 is in | evitable | | and | let it | come! | | | 7 I re | peat it Sir, | | let it | come! | | | 7 It is in | vain Sir | 7 to ex | tenuate the | matter. | | | Gentlemen may | cry | peace, | peace! | | but there is | no | peace. | | | 7 The | war is | actually be | gun! | | | 7 The | next | gale that | sweeps from the | north | 7 will | bring to our | ears | 7 the | clash of re | sounding | arms! | | | 7 Our | brethren | 7 are al | ready | 7 in the | field! | | | Why | stand | we | here | idle? | | | What | is it | 7 that | gentlemen | wish? | | | What | would they | have? | | | 7 Is | life | so | dear, | 7 or | peace | so | sweet, | 7 as to be | purchased | 7 at the | price of | chains and | slavery? | | | 7 For | bid it, | 7 Al | mighty | God! | | 7 I | know not | what | course | others may | take; | | 7 but | as for | me, | give | me | liberty; | | 7 or | give me | death! | | |

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY.

MILTON.

O | Thou, | that with sur | passing | glory | crown'd, |

Look'st from thy | sole do | minion, | | like the | God |
7 Of | this | new | world; | | 7 at | whose | sight | all the | stars |
Hide their di | minish'd | heads; | | 7 to | thee | 7 I | call, |
| But with | no | friendly | voice, | 7 and | add thy | name, |
O | Sun, | 7 to | tell thee | 7 how I | hate thy | beams, | |
7 That | bring | 7 to my re | membrance | 7 from what | state |
7 I | fell, | | 7 how | glorious | once | 7 a | bove thy | sphere; |
7 Till | pride | 7 and | worse am | bition | | threw me | down, |
| Warring in | Heaven | 7 a | gainst | Heaven's | matchless | King: | | |
Ah, | wherefore! | | 7 he de | serv'd | no | such re | turn |
7 From | me, | | whom | he cre | ated | 7 what I | was |
7 In | that | bright | eminence; | | and with his | good |
7 Up | braided | none; | | | nor was his | service | hard. |
| What could be | less | than to af | ford him | praise, |
7 The | easiest | recompense, | 7 and | pay him | thanks, |
How | due! | | 7 Yet | all his | good | prov'd | ill | 7 in | me, |
7 And | wrought but | malice; | | lifted | up | so | high, |
I dis | dain'd sub | jection, | 7 and | thought | one | step | higher |
7 Would | set me | highest, | | 7 and in a | moment | | quit |

7 The | debt im | mense | 7 of | endless | gratitude, |
So | burdensome; | | still | paying, | | still to | owe,|
| 7 For | getful | what from | him | 7 I | still re |
ceived, |
7 And | under | stood not | 7 that a | grateful | mind |
7 By | owing, | | owes | not, | 7 but | still | pays, | 7 at
| once |
7 In | debted | 7 and dis | charg'd; | | 7 what | burden
| then? | | |
O | had his | powerful | destiny | 7 or | dain'd |
Me | some in | ferior | angel, | | | I had | stood |
Then | happy; | | no un | bounded | hope | 7 had |
rais'd |
7 Am | bition. | | | 7 Yet | why | not? | | | Some |
other | power |
7 As | great | might have as | pir'd, | 7 and | me, |
7 though | mean. |
Drawn to his | part; | | 7 but | other | powers | 7 as |
great |
Fell | not, | | 7 but | stand | 7 un | shaken, | | 7 from
with | in |
Or from with | out, | 7 to | all temp | tations | arm'd.
| | |
7 Hadst | thou | 7 the | same | free | will, | 7 and |
power | 7 to | stand? | | |
Thou | hadst: | | whom | hadst thou | then, | 7 or |
what | 7 t'ac | cuse, |
7 But | Heaven's | free | love | dealt | equally | 7 to |
all? | | |
Be then his | love | 7 ac | curs'd, | | since | love or |
hate, |
7 To | me | 7 a | like, | 7 it | deals e | ternal | woe.
| | |

Nay, | curs'd be | thou; | | since against | his | thy | will |
Chose | freely | | 7 what it | now | 7 so | justly | rues. | | |
Me | miserable! | | | which | way | 7 shall I | fly, |
Infinite | wrath, | 7 and | infinite | 7 des | pair? | | |
Which | way I | fly | 7 is | hell; | | 7 my | self | am | hell. | | |
And in the | lowest | deep | 7 a | lower | deep |
Still | threatening to de | vour me, | | opens | wide, |
7 To | which the | hell I | suffer | seems a | heaven. | | |
O then at | last | 7 re | lent: | | is there | no | place |
Left for re | pentance, | | none for | pardon | left? | | |
None | left | but by sub | mission; | | 7 and | that | word |
Dis | dain | 7 for | bids me, | | 7 and my | dread of | shame |
7 A | mong the | spirits | 7 be | neath, | | whom I se- | duc'd |
7 With | other | promises | 7 and | other | vaunts |
Than to sub | mit, | | boasting | I could sub | due |
7 The | Om | nipotent. | | | Ah! | me! | they | little | know |
How | dearly | 7 I a | bide | 7 that | boast | 7 so | vain, |
Under | what | torments | inwardly, | 7 I | groan, |
7 While | they a | dore me | 7 on the | throne of | hell. | | |
7 With | diadem | 7 and | sceptre | high ad | vanc'd |
7 The | lower | still | 7 I | fall, | | only su | preme |
7 In | misery; | | such | joy | 7 am | bition | finds! |
7 But | say | 7 I | could re | pent; | | and could ob | tain |

7 By | act of | grace | 7 my | former | state; | 7 how | soon |
7 Would | height | 7 re | call | high | thoughts, | 7 how | soon | un | say |
7 What | feign'd sub | mission | swore? | | ease | 7 would re | cant |
Vows | made in | pain, | 7 as | violent | 7 and | void: | |
7 For | never | 7 can | true | reconcilement | grow |
Where | wounds of | deadly | hate | 7 have | pierc'd | so | deep; |
7 Which | would but | lead me | 7 to a | worse re | lapse |
7 And | heavier | fall: | | | so should I | purchase | dear |
Short inter | mission | | bought with | double | smart. | | |
This | knows my | Punisher; | | | therefore | 7 as | far |
7 From | granting | | he, | 7 as | I | 7 from | begging | peace. | |
All | hope | 7 ex | cluded | thus, | 7 be | hold in | stead |
7 Of | us | outcast | 7 ex | iled, | 7 his | new de | light |
7 Man | kind | 7 cre | ated, | | 7 and for | him | this | world. | |
7 So | fare | well | hope, | | 7 and with | hope | fare | well | fear; |
| Fare | well | 7 re | morse! | | all | good | 7 to | me, | 7 is | lost; | | |
Evil, | 7 be | thou | my | good; | | 7 by | thee | 7 at | least |
7 Di | vided | empire | 7 with | Heav'n's | King, | 7 I | hold, |

7 By | thee, | 7 and 7 more than | half | 7 per | haps, |
7 will | reign; | |
7 As | Man | ere | long, | 7 and | this | new | world |
7 shall | know. | | |

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS TO JOIN THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CESAR.

SHAKSPEARE.

WELL, | Honour | 7 is the | subject | 7 of my | story.
| | |
7 I | cannot | tell | 7 what | you | 7 and | other | men |
Think of this | life; | | but for my | single | self; |
I | 7 had as | lief | not | be, | 7 as | live to | be |
7 In | awe of | such a | thing | 7 as | I my | self. | |
I was | born | free as | Cesar; | | so were | you: | |
7 We | both have | fed as | well; | | 7 and | we can |
both |
7 En | dure the | winter's | cold, | 7 as | well as | he, | |
7 For | once | 7 upon a | raw and | gusty day, |
7 The | troubled | Tiber | chafing | 7 with his | shores, |
Cesar | says to me, | | "Dars't thou, | Cassius, | now |
Leap | in with | me | into this | angry | flood. |
7 And | swim to | yonder | point?" | | 7 Up | on the |
word, |
7 Ac | coutred as I | was, | 7 I | plunged | in, |
7 And | bade | him | follow: | | so in | deed he | did. |
7 The | torrent | roar'd, | | and we did | buffet it |
7 With | lusty | sinews; | | throwing it a | side, |
7 And | stemming it | 7 with | hearts of | controversy. | |
7 But | ere | 7 we could ar | rive the | point pro | posed |
Cesar | cry'd | | "Help me, | | Cassius, | 7 or I |
sink." | | |

I, | 7 as Æ | neas, | 7 our | great | ancestor, |
| Did from the | flames of | Troy, | 7 upon his | shoulders |
7 The | old An | chises | bear; | | so from the | waves of | Tiber, |
7 Did | I | 7 the | tired | Cesar; | | 7 and this | man |
7 Is | now be | come a | God; | | 7 and | Cassius | 7 is |
7 A | wretched | creature, | 7 and must | bend his | body, |
If | Cesar | | carelessly | 7 but | nod on him. | | |
He had a | fever | when he was in | Spain, |
7 And | when the | fit was | on him | 7 I did | mark |
How he did | shake; | | 7 'tis | true; | 7 this | God | 7 did | shake; | |
7 His | coward | lips | did from their | colour | fly; |
7 And | that same | eye, | 7 whose | bend | 7 doth | awe the | world, |
7 Did | lose its | lustre; | | 7 I did | hear him | groan: | |
Aye, | 7 and that | tongue of his | 7 that | bade the | Romans |
Mark him, | 7 and | write his | speeches | 7 in their | books, |
| 7 A | las! | 7 it | cried: | | "Give me some | drink, | 7 Ti | tinius!" |
7 As a | sick | girl. | | 7 Ye | Gods, | 7 it doth a | maze me, |
7 A | man of | such a | feeble | temper, | 7 should |
So | get the | start | 7 of the ma | jestic | world, |
7 And | bear the | palm a | lone. | | |
Brutus | 7 and | Cesar. | | What | should be in | that | Cesar? | | |
Why should | that | name | 7 be | sounded | more than | yours? | |

Write them to | gether; | | yours | 7 is as | fair a | name; | |

Sound them; | | it doth be | come the | mouth as | well; |

| Weigh them; | | it is as | heavy: | | conjure with 'em | |

Brutus | 7 will | start a | spirit | 7 as | soon as | Cesar. | |

Now in the | name of | all the | Gods at | once, | |

Upon what | meats | 7 doth | this our | Cesar | feed, |

That he has | grown so | great? | | Age, | thou art | sham'd! | |

Rome, | 7 thou hast | lost thy | breed of | noble | bloods. | | |

When | went there | by an | age, | since the great | flood. |

But it was | fam'd | 7 with | more | 7 than with | one | man? | |

When could | they | say, | 7 till | now, | 7 that | talk'd of | Rome, |

7 That her | wide | walls | 7 en | compass'd | 7 but | one | man? | | |

Oh! | | you and | I | 7 have | heard our | fathers | say, |

There was a | Brutus | once, | | 7 that would have | brook'd |

7 The in | fernal | devil, | 7 to | keep | his | state in | Rome | .

7 As | easily | 7 as a | king. | | |

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

GOLDSMITH.

WRITERS | 7 of | every | age | 7 have en | deavoured to | show | 7 that | pleasure | 7 is in | us, | 7 and | not in the | objects | | offered | 7 for our a | musement. | | | 7 If the | soul be | happily dis | posed, | | every thing | 7 be | comes | capable | 7 of af | fording | 7 enter | tainment; | | 7 and dis | tress | 7 will | almost | want a | name. | | | Every oc | currence | | passes in re | view | 7 like the | figures | 7 of a pro | cession; | | some | 7 may be | awkward, | | others | ill | dressed; 7 but | none but a | fool | 7 is for | this, | 7 en | raged with the | master of the | ceremonies. | | |

7 I re | member | 7 to have | once | seen a | slave, | 7 in a | fortifi | cation | 7 in | Flanders, | 7 who ap | peared | no way | touched | 7 with his | situ | ation. | | | 7 He was | maimed, | 7 de | formed | 7 and | chained: | | 7 o | bliged to | toil | 7 from the ap | pearance of | day | 7 till | nightfall, | | 7 and con | demned to | this | 7 for | life; | | yet with | all | these | circumstances | 7 of ap | parent | wretchedness, | 7 he | sung, | | would have | danced, | 7 but that he | wanted a | leg, | 7 and ap | peared the | merriest, | | happiest | man | 7 of | all the | garrison. | | |

7 What a | practical | 7 phi | losopher | 7 was | here, | | 7 a | happy consti | tution | 7 sup | plied phi | losophy; | 7 and though | seemingly | destitute of | wisdom, | 7 he was | really | wise. | | | No | reading | 7 or | study | 7 had con | tributed | 7 to disen | chant | 7 the | fairy | land | 7 a | round him. | | | Every thing | furnished him | 7 with an | oppor | tunity | 7 of

| mirth, | | 7 and though | some | thought him, | 7 from his | insensi | bility, | 7 a | fool. | 7 he was | such an | ideot | 7 as phi | losophers | 7 should | wish to | imitate: | | 7 for | all phi | losophy | 7 is | only | forcing the | trade of | happiness, | 7 when | Nature | seems to de | ny the | means. | | |

They, | 7 who | like our | slaves, | 7 can | place themselves | 7 on | that | side of the | world | 7 in | which | every thing | 7 ap | pears in a | pleasing | light, | 7 will | find | something | 7 in | every oc | currence | 7 to ex | cite their | good | humour. | | | 7 The | most ca | lamitous e | vents, | | either to them | selves | 7 or | others, | 7 can | bring | no | new | 7 af | fliction; | | 7 the | whole | world | 7 is to | them, | 7 a | theatre, | 7 on which | comedies | only | 7 are | acted. | | | All the | bustle of | heroism, | 7 or the | rants of am | bition. | | serve | only to | heighten | 7 the ab | surdity | 7 of the | scene | 7 and | make the | humor | 7 more | poignant. | | | 7 They | feel, | 7 in | short, | 7 as | little | anguish | 7 at their | own dis | tress, | 7 or the com | plaints of | others. | 7 as the | under | taker. | 7 though | dressed in | black, | feels | sorrow | 7 at a | funeral. | | |

7 Of | all the | men | 7 I | ever | read of. | 7 the | famous | Cardinal de | Retz | 7 pos | sessed this | happiness of | temper | 7 in the | highest de | gree. | | | As he was a | man of | gallantry, | 7 and des | pised | 7 all that | wore the pe | dantic ap | pearance | 7 of phi | losophy, | 7 wher | ever | pleasure | 7 was to be | sold | he was | generally | foremost | 7 to | raise the | auction. | | | Being a | uni | versal | 7 ad- | mirer of the | fair | sex, | | 7 when he | found | one | lady | cruel, | 7 he | generally | fell in | love |

7 with an | other, | 7 from | whom he ex | pected | 7 a more | favourable | 7 re | ception. | | | 7 If | she, | too, | 7 re | jected his ad | dresses. | | 7 he | never | thought of re | tiring into | deserts, | 7 or | pining in | hopeless dis | tress; | | he per | suaded himself, | 7 that in | stead of | loving the | lady, | 7 he had | only | fancied | 7 that he had | loved her; | | 7 and | so | all was | well again. | | |

7 When | fortune | wore her | angriest | look, | | 7 and he at | last | fell into the | power | 7 of his most | deadly | enemy, | | Cardinal | Maza | rine, | | (being con | fined a | close | prisoner, | 7 in the | castle of | Valen | ciennes,) | 7 he | never at | tempted | 7 to sup | port his dis | tress | 7 by | wisdom | 7 or phi | losophy; | | 7 for he pre | tended to | neither. | | | 7 He | only | laughed | 7 at him | self | 7 and his | persecutor: | | 7 and | seemed | infinitely | pleased | 7 at his | new situ | ation. | | | 7 In this | mansion of dis | tress, | | though se | cluded from his | friends, | | 7 though de | nied | all the a | musements, | 7 and | even the con | veniences of | life, | 7 he | still re | tained his | good | humour; | | laughed at | all the | little | spite of his | enemies: | | 7 and | carried the | jest | so | far | as to be re | venged, | 7 by | writing the | life | 7 of his | goaler. | | |

All that the | wisdom of the | proud | 7 can | teach, | 7 is to be | stubborn, | 7 or | sullen, | 7 under mis | fortunes. | | | 7 The | Cardinal's ex | ample | 7 will in | struct us to be | merry, | 7 in | circumstances | 7 of the | highest af | fliction. | | | 7 It | matters not | 7 whether our | good | humor | 7 be | construed, | 7 by | others, | 7 into | insensi | bility; | 7 or | even | idiotism: | | 7 it is | happiness | 7 to our | selves; |

| 7 and | none but a | fool, | 7 would | measure his | satis | faction | 7 by | what the | world | thinks of it. | | |

7 The | happiest | silly | fellow | 7 I | ever | knew, | 7 was of the | number of those | good natured | creatures | 7 that are | said to do | no | harm | 7 to | any but them | selves. | | | 7 When | ever he | fell into | any | misery, | | 7 he | usually | called it | | "seeing | life." | | | 7 If his | head | 7 was | broke by a | chairman, | 7 or his | pocket | picked by a | sharper, | 7 he | comforted himself | 7 by | imitating | 7 the Hibernian | dialect | 7 of the | one, | or the more | fashionable | cant | 7 of the | other. | | | Nothing | came a | miss to him. | | |

7 His | inattention to | money matters | 7 had in | censed his | father | 7 to | such a de | gree, | 7 that | all inter | cession of | friends, | 7 in his | favour, | 7 was | fruitless. | | |

7 The | old | gentleman | 7 was on his | death bed. | | | 7 The | whole | family, | 7 and | Dick | 7 a | mong the | number, | | gathered a | round him. | | |

7 "I | leave my | second | son | Andrew," | 7 said the ex | piring | miser, | 7 "my | whole es | tate; | | 7 and de | sire him | 7 to be | frugal." | | |

Andrew, | 7 in a | sorrowful | tone, | 7 (as is | usual | 7 on | those oc | casions,) | | prayed | Heaven | 7 to pro | long his | life and | health | 7 to en | joy it him- | self! | | |

7 "I | recom | mend | Simon, | 7 my | third | son, | 7 to the | care of his | elder | brother; | | 7 and | leave him, | 7 be | side, | four | thousand | pounds." | | |

"Ah! | father," | 7 cried | Simon, | 7 (in | great af | fliction, | 7 to be | sure,) | 7 "may | Heaven | give you | life and | health | 7 to en | joy it your | self!" | | |

7 At | last | turning to | poor | Dick, | | "as for | you, | you have | always | 7 been a | sad | dog; | | you'll | never | come to | good: | | you'll | never be | rich; | | 7 I | leave | you | 7 a | shilling, | 7 to | buy a | halter." | | |

"Ah! | father," | 7 cries | Dick, | 7 without | any e | motion, | 7 "may | Heaven | give you | life and | health | 7 to en | joy it your | self!" | | |

WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

7 THE ex | clusion | 7 of a Su | preme | Being, | 7 and of a | superin | tending | providence, | | tends di | rectly | 7 to the de | struction | 7 of | moral | taste. | | | 7 It | robs the | universe | 7 of | all | finished | 7 and con | summate | excellence, | | even in i | dea. | | | 7 The | admi | ration of | perfect | wisdom and | goodness | 7 for | which we are | formed, | 7 and which | kindles | 7 such un | speakable | rapture | 7 in the | soul, | | finding in the | regions of | scepticism | nothing | 7 to | which it corres | ponds, | droops | 7 and | languishes. | | | 7 In a | world | 7 which pre | sents a | fair | spectacle | 7 of | order and | beauty, | 7 of a | vast | family, | | nourished | 7 and sup | ported | 7 by an Al | mighty | Parent; | | 7 in a | world, | 7 which | leads the de | vout | mind, | step by | step, | 7 to the | contem | plation | 7 of the | first | fair | 7 and the | first | good, | | 7 the | sceptic | 7 is en |

compassed with | nothing | 7 but ob | scurity, | | meanness. | 7 and dis | order. | | |

When we re | flect on the | manner | 7 in | which the i | dea of | Deity | 7 is | formed, | | 7 we | must be con | vinced. | 7 that | such an i | dea, | intimately | present to the | mind, | must | have a most | powerful ef | fect | 7 in re | fining the | moral | taste. | | | 7 Com | posed of the | richest | elements, | 7 it em | braces, | 7 in the | character | 7 of a be | neficent | Parent, | 7 and Al | mighty | Ruler, | 7 what | ever is | venerable | 7 in | wisdom, | | 7 what | ever is | awful | 7 in au | thority, | | 7 what | ever is | touching | 7 in | goodness. | | |

Human | excellence | 7 is | blended with | many | imper | fections, | 7 and | seen under | many limi | tations. | | | It is be | held | only in de | tached and | separate | portions, | 7 nor | ever ap | pears | 7 in | any | one | character, | | whole and en | tire. | | | So that, | when, | 7 in imi | tation of the | stoics, | 7 we | wish to | form | 7 out of | these | fragments, | 7 the | notion | 7 of a | perfectly | wise and | good | man, | 7 we | know it is a | mere | fiction | 7 of the | mind, | 7 with | out any | real | being | 7 in | whom | 7 it is em- | bodied | 7 and | realized. | | | 7 In the | be | lief of a | Deity, | | these con | ceptions | 7 are re | duced to re | ality: | | 7 the | scattered | rays | 7 of an i | deal | excellence | 7 are con | centrated, | | 7 and be | cometh | real | attributes | 7 of | that | Being, | 7 with | whom | 7 we | stand in the | nearest re | lation, | 7 who | sits su | preme | 7 at the | head of the | universe, | 7 is | armed with | infinite | power, | 7 and per | vades | all | nature | 7 with his | presence. | | |

7 The | efficacy of | these | sentiments | 7 in pro |

ducing | 7 and aug | menting | 7 a | virtuous | taste, | 7 will in | deed | 7 be pro | portioned | 7 to the | vividness | 7 with | which they are | formed, | 7 and the | frequency | 7 with | which they re | cur; | | 7 yet | some | benefit | 7 will not | fail to re | sult from them, | | even in their | lowest de | gree. | | |

7 The i | dea | 7 of the Su | preme | Being | 7 has | this pe | culiar | property; | | 7 that | as it ad | mits of | no | substitute, | so, | 7 from the | first | moment 7 it is im | pressed, | 7 it is | capable | 7 of con | tinual growth | 7 and en | largement. | | | God | 7 him | self | 7 is im | mutable: | | 7 but | our con | ception | 7 of his | character | 7 is con | tinually | 7 re | ceiving | fresh ac | cessions; | | 7 is con | tinually | growing | more ex | tended and re | fulgent, | 7 by | having trans | ferred upon it | new per | ceptions, | 7 of | beauty, | 7 and | goodness; | | 7 by at | tracting to it | self, | 7 as a | centre, | 7 what | ever | bears the | impress of | dignity, | order, | 7 or | happiness. | | | 7 It | borrows | splendour, | 7 from | all that is | fair, | 7 sub | ordinates | 7 to it | self | all that is | great, | 7 and | sits en | throned, | 7 on the | riches of the | universe. | | |

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CESAR'S BODY.

SHAKSPEARE.

Friends, | | Romans, | | countrymen! | | Lend me your | ears; | | |

7 I | come | 7 to | bury | Cesar, | | not to | praise him. | | |

7 The | evil | 7 that | men | do, | lives | after them; | |

7 The | good | 7 is | oft in | terred | 7 with their |
bones: | |
So let it | be | 7 with | Cesar! | | | Noble | Brutus |
7 Hath | told you, | | Cesar | 7 was am | bitious. |
7 If it | were so. | it was a | grievous | fault; | |
7 And | grievously | 7 hath | Cesar | answer'd it. | |
Here, | under | leave of | Brutus. | 7 and the | rest, |
7 (For | Brutus | 7 is an | honourable | man, | |
So are they | all, | all | honourable | men,) | |
Come I | 7 to | speak | 7 at | Cesar's | funeral. | | |
He was my | friend, | | faithful | 7 and | just to |
me: | |
7 But | Brutus | says | he was am | bitious; | |
| 7 And | Brutus | 7 is an | honourable | man. | | |
He hath | brought | many | captives | home to | Rome, |
7 Whose | ransoms | 7 did the | general | coffers |
fill: | | |
7 Did | this | 7 in | Cesar | seem am | bitious? | | |
When that the | poor have | cried, | | Cesar hath |
wept; | | |
7 Am | bition | 7 should be | made of | sterner | stuff.
| | |
7 Yet | Brutus | says | 7 he | was am | bitious; |
| 7 And | Brutus | 7 is an | honourable | man. | | |
7 You | all did | see, | 7 that, | on the | Lupercal, |
7 I | thrice pre | sented him | 7 a | kingly | crown; |
| Which he did | thrice | 7 re | fuse. | | 7 Was | this
| 7 am | bition? | | |
7 Yet | Brutus | says, | he was am | bitious; | |
7 And | sure, he | is | 7 an | honourable | man? | | |
7 I | speak | not | 7 to dis | prove | 7 what | Brutus |
spoke, |
7 But | here | I am to | speak | what I do | know. | |

7 You | all did | love him | once; | | not without | cause: | |
What | cause with | holds you | then, | 7 to | mourn for him? | | |
O | judgment! | | 7 Thou art | fled to | brutish | beasts, | |
7 And | men | 7 have | lost their | reason! | | | Bear with me: |
| 7 My | heart | is in the | coffin | there | 7 with | Cesar; |
| 7 And I must | pause | 7 till it | come | back to me. | | |
7 But | yesterday, | 7 the | word of | Cesar | might |
7 Have | stood a | gainst the | world! | | now | lies he | there, |
| 7 And | none | 7 so | poor | 7 to | do him | reverence. | | |
O | masters! | | If I were dis | posed to | stir |
7 Your | hearts and | minds | 7 to | mutiny and | rage, |
I should | do | Brutus | wrong, | 7 and | Cassius | | wrong; |
| Who, | 7 you | all | know, | 7 are | honourable | men. | | |
7 I | will not | do | them | wrong. | | | 7 I | rather | choose |
7 To | wrong the | dead, | 7 to | wrong my | self | 7 and | you, |
Than I will | wrong | such | honourable | men. | | |
7 But | here's a | parchment | 7 with the | seal of | Cesar; |
7 I | found it | 7 in his | closet; | | | 7 'Tis his | will: | | |
Let but the | commons | hear | 7 this | testament, | |

7 (Which, | pardon me, | 7 I | do not | mean to | read,) |
| And they would | go | 7 and | kiss | dead | Cesar's | wounds, |
7 And | dip their | napkins | 7 in his | sacred | blood; |
| Yea | beg a | hair of him | 7 for | memory, |
7 And | dying, | | mention it | 7 within their | wills, |
| 7 Be | queathing it | 7 as a | rich | legacy, |
Unto their | issue. | | |
If you have | tears, | 7 pre | pare to | shed them | now. | | |
7 You | all do | know | this | mantle: | | I re | member |
7 The | first | time | ever | Cesar | put it | on; | |
'Twas on a | summer's | evening | 7 in his | tent; | |
That | day | 7 he | over | came the | Nervii: | | |
Look! | 7 in | this | place | ran | Cassius' | dagger | through! | | |
See what a | rent | 7 the | envious | Casca | made: | ||
Through | this | 7 the | well be | loved | Brutus | stabbed, | |
| And as he | pluck'd his | cursed | steel a | way, |
| Mark | 7 how the | blood of | Cesar | follow'd it! |||
This | 7 was the | most un | kindest | cut of | all! |
| 7 For | when the | noble | Cesar | saw | him | stab, |
7 In | gratitude | 7 more | strong than | traitor's | arms, |
Quite | vanquish'd him: | | then | burst his | mighty | heart; | |
And in his | mantle, | | muffling up his | face, | |
Even at the | base of | Pompey's | statue, |
| 7 (Which | all the | while | ran | blood,) | | great | Cesar | fell. | | |

O what a | fall | 7 was | there, | 7 my | countrymen! | | |
Then | I, | 7 and | you, | 7 and | all of us, | fell | down, |
7 Whilst | bloody | treason | flourish'd | over us. | | |
O! | now you | weep; | | 7 and I per | ceive, | 7 you | feel, |
7 The | dint of | pity; | | these | 7 are | gracious | drops. | | |
Kind | souls; | | what | weep you, | | when you but be | hold |
7 Our | Cesar's | vesture | wounded? | | | Look you | here! | | |
Here is him | self, | | marr'd | 7 as you | see, | 7 by | traitors. | | |
Good | friends, | sweet | friends, | | let me not | stir you | up |
7 To | such a | sudden | flood of | mutiny. | |
| They that have | done | this | deed, | 7 are | honourable: | |
| What | private | griefs | 7 they | have, | 7 a | las! | 7 I | know not, |
7 That | made them | do it; | | they are | wise, | 7 and | honourable, |
7 And will, | no | doubt, | 7 with | reason | answer you. | | |
7 I | come not, | friends, | 7 to | steal away | 7 your | hearts; | |
I am | no | orator, | 7 as | Brutus | is; |
| But as you | know me | all, | 7 a | plain | blunt | man, |
7 That | love my | friend, | | 7 and | that | they | know | full | well |

7 That | gave me | public | leave | 7 to | speak of him. | | |
7 For I have | neither | wit, | 7 nor | words, | 7 nor | worth, | |
Action, | 7 nor | utterance, | 7 nor | power of | speech, |
7 To | stir | men's | blood. | | 7 I | only | speak | right | on: | |
7 I | tell you | that | 7 which | you your | selves | 7 do | know; |
| Show you | sweet | Cesar's | wounds, | | poor, | poor, | dumb | mouths, |
7 And | bid | them | speak | for me. | | | But were | I | Brutus, |
7 And | Brutus | Antony, | | there were an | Antony |
7 Would | ruffle | up your | spirits, | | 7 and | put a | tongue |
7 In | every | wound of | Cesar, | 7 that should | move |
7 The | stones of | Rome | 7 to | rise in | mutiny. | | |

GREECE.

BYRON.

He who hath | bent him | o'er the | dead |
Ere the | first | day of | death | 7 is | fled, |
7 The | first dark | day of | nothingness, |
7 The | last of | danger | 7 and dis | tress, | |
7 Be | fore De | cay's | 7 ef | facing | fingers |
7 Have | swept the | lines | 7 where | beauty | lingers, |
7 And | mark'd the | mild | 7 an | gelic | air, |
7 The | rapture | 7 of re | pose | 7 that's | there, |
| 7 The | fix'd, | 7 yet | tender | traits | 7 that | streak |
7 The | langour | 7 of the | placid | cheek, | |

7 And | but for | that | sad | shrouded | eve, |
7 That | fires not, | | wins not, | | weeps not, | now, | |
7 And | but for | that | chill | changeless | brow, |
7 Where | cold ob | struction's | apathy |
7 Ap | pals the | gazing | mourner's | heart, | |
As if to | him | 7 it could im | part |
7 The | doom he | dreads, | 7 yet | dwells upon; | |
Yes. | but for | these | 7 and | these a | lone, |
| Some | moments, | | aye, | one | treacherous | hour, |
7 He | still might | doubt | 7 the | tyrant's | power; |
| 7 So | fair, | 7 so | calm | 7 so | softly | seal'd, |
7 The | first. | last | look, | 7 by | death | 7 re | veal'd | | |
Such is the | aspect | 7 of | this | shore; | |
7 'Tis | Greece, | | 7 but | living | Greece | 7 no | more! | | |
So | coldly | sweet, | 7 so | deadly | fair, |
7 We | start, | | 7 for | soul | 7 is | wanting | there. | | |
Her's | 7 is the | loveliness in | death, |
7 That | parts not | quite | 7 with | parting | breath; |
| 7 But | beauty, | 7 with that | fearful | bloom, |
7 That | hue | 7 which | haunts it | 7 to the | tomb, |
| 7 Ex | pression's | last re | ceding | ray,
7 A | gilded | halo | | hovering | round de | cay, | |
7 The | farewell | beam of | Feeling, | | past a | way! | |
Spark of that | flame, | 7 per | chance of | heavenly | birth, |
7 Which | gleams, | 7 but | warms no | more | 7 its | cherish'd | earth! | | |

THE OLD CHEESE;

OR, THE HUSBAND ONLY FIT TO BE RULED.

DR. KING.

Young | Slouch the | farmer, | had a | jolly | wife, |
7 That | knew | all the con | veniences of | life. | |
7 Whose | diligence | 7 and | cleanliness | 7 sup | plied |
7 The | wit, | 7 which | Nature | 7 had to | him | 7 de | nied: |
| 7 But | then | she had a | tongue, | 7 that | would be | heard, |
7 And | make a | better | man | 7 than | Slouch, | 7 a | feard. | | |
7 This | made cen | sorious | persons | 7 of the | town |
Say | Slouch | 7 could | hardly | call his | soul his | own; | |
For if he | went a | broad too | much, | 7 she'd | use |
7 To | give him | slippers, | 7 and | lock up his | shoes. | | |
Talking he | lov'd, | 7 and | ne'er was | more af | flicted, |
7 Than | when he was dis | turb'd | 7 or | contra | dicted; |
7 Yet | still | 7 into his | story | 7 she would | break |
7 With | "'Tis | not | so, | | Pray | give | me | leave to | speak." | | |
7 His | friends | thought | this | was a ty | rannick | rule, | |
Not | differing | much | 7 from | calling him a | fool; |
Told him | he must ex | ert himself, | 7 and | be, |
7 In | fact, | 7 the | master | 7 of his | family. | | |

7 He | said, | 7 "That the | next | Tuesday | noon
| 7 would | show |
Whether he | were | 7 the | lord at | home, | 7 or |
no, | |
When their good | company | he would en | treat, |
7 To | well-brew'd | ale, | 7 and | clean, | 7 if | homely
| meat." | | |

7 With | aching | heart, | | home to his | wife | 7 he
| goes, |
| And on his | knees | 7 does his | rash | act | 7 dis |
close; |
7 And | prays dear | Sukey, | 7 that | one | day, | 7 at
| least |
| He might ap | pear, | 7 as | master of the | feast.
| | |

"I'll | grant your | wish," | 7 cries | Sue, | 7 "that
you may | see |
7 'Twere | wisdom | 7 to be | govern'd | still by | me."
| | |
7 The | guests, | 7 upon the | day ap | pointed, | |
came; | |
7 Each | bowsy | farmer, | 7 with his | simpering |
dame. | | |
"Ho, | Sue!" | 7 cried | Slouch, | | "why dost thou |
not ap | pear? |
7 Are | these thy | manners, | 7 when | Aunt | Snap |
7 is | here?" | | |
7 "I | pardon | ask," | 7 says | Sue; | 7 "I'd | not of |
fend |
Any, | 7 my | dear in | vites; | | much less | 7 his |
friend." | | |

Slouch, | 7 by his | kinsman | Gruffy, | 7 had been
| taught |
7 To | enter | tain his | friends | 7 with | finding |
fault, | |
7 And | make the | main in | gredient | 7 of his | treat |
7 His | saying, | 7 "there was | nothing | fit to | eat: |
7 The | boil'd pork | stinks, | 7 the | roast | beef's |
not e | nough; |
7 The | bacon's | rusty, | 7 and the | hens | 7 are |
tough; | |
7 The veal's | all | rags; | 7 the | butter's | turn'd to |
oil; |
7 And | thus I | buy | good | meat | 7 for | sluts to |
spoil. | | |

'Tis | we are the | first | Slouches | ever | sat |
Down to a | pudding | 7 with | out | plums or | fat;| | |
7 What | teeth or | stomach's | strong e | nough to |
feed |
7 Upon a | goose | 7 my | grannum | kept to | breed?
| | |
Why must | old | pigeons, | 7 and | they | stale, | 7 be
| drest, |
| When there's so | many | squab ones | 7 in the |
nest? | | |
7 This | beer | 7 is | sour, | | this | musty, | thick, |
7 and | stale, |
7 And | worse than | any thing, | 7 ex | cept the | ale."
| | |

Sue, | all this | while, | many ex | cuses | made; |
| Some things | 7 she | own'd; | 7 at | other times, |
7 she | laid |

? The | fault on | chance; | | ? but | oftener, | ? on the
| maid. | | |

Then | cheese was | brought; | ? says | Slouch, | "This
| e'en shall | roll: |
? I'm | sure | ? 'tis | hard e | nough | ? to | make a |
bowl. | | |
This is | skimm'd | milk; | ? and | therefore | it shall
| go: | |
? And | this, | ? be | cause 'tis | Suffolk, | | follow |
too." | | |

? But | now | Sue's | patience | ? did be | gin to |
waste; | |
? Nor | longer | ? could dis | simu | lation | last. | | |
"Pray let | me | rise." | ? says | she, | ? "my | dear;
| | I'll | find |
? A | cheese, | ? per | haps, | ? may | be to | lovy's |
mind!" |
| Then in an | entry | | standing | close; | ? where |
he |
? A | lone, | ? and | none of | all his | friends, | ? might
| see; |
? And | brandishing | ? a | cudgel | ? he had | felt, |
? And | far enough, | ? on | this oc | casion | smelt; |
"I'll | try, | ? my | joy!" | ? she | cried, | ? "if I can |
please |
? My | dearest, | ? with a | taste of his | Old Cheese!"
| | |
Slouch, | | turning | round, | saw his | wife's | vi-
gorous hand |
| Wielding her | oaken | saplin | ? of com | mand.
| | |

He | knew the | twang. | | | "Is't the | Old | Cheese, | 7 my | dear! |
No | need, | no | need | 7 of | Cheese," | 7 cries | Slouch, | 7 "I'll | swear: |
[7 I | think I've | din'd as | well | 7 as my | Lord | Mayor." | | |

HYDER ALI.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. BURKE.

7 When at | length | Hyder | Ali | found, | 7 that he | had to | do with | men, | 7 who | either would | sign | no con | vention, | 7 or whom | no | treaty. | 7 and | no | signature | 7 could | bind; | 7 and | who were the de | termined | enemies | 7 of | human | intercourse | 7 it | self, | 7 he de | creed | 7 to | make the | country | 7 pos | sessed by these in | corrigible, | 7 and pre | destinated | criminals, | 7 a | memorable ex | ample | 7 to man | kind. | | | 7 He re | solved, | 7 in the | gloomy re | cesses of a | mind | 7 ca | pacious of | such | things; | 7 to | leave the | whole Car | natic, 7 an ever | lasting | monument of | vengeance; | 7 and to | put per | petual | 7 deso | lation, | 7 as a | barrier, | 7 be | tween | him, | 7 and | those, | 7 a | gainst | whom, | 7 the | faith which | holds the | moral | elements | 7 of the | world | 7 to | gether, | 7 was | no pro | tection. | | | 7 He be | came | 7 at | length | so | confident | 7 of his | force and | so col | lected | 7 in his | might, | 7 that he | made | no | secret | 7 what- | ever, | of his | dreadful | reso | lution. | | | Having | terminated | 7 his dis | putes | 7 with | every | enemy, | 7 and | every | rival, | 7 who | buried their | mutual | 7 ani | mosities, | 7 in their | common | in-

terest, | 7 a | gainst the | creditors of the | Nabob of | Arcot; | | 7 he | drew from | every | quarter, | 7 what- | ever a | savage fe | rocity | 7 could | add | 7 to his | new | rudiments | 7 in the | art of de | struction; | | 7 and com | pounding | all the ma | terials of | fury, | | havoc, | 7 and | deso | lation, | 7 into | one | black | cloud; | 7 he | hung for a | while | 7 on the de | clivities of the | mountains. | | | Whilst the | authors of | all | these | evils, | 7 were | idly and | stupidly | gazing | 7 on this | menacing | meteor, | 7 which | blackened | all the ho | rizon, | 7 it | suddenly | burst, | 7 and | poured | down the | whole of its con | tents, | 7 upon the | plains | 7 of the Car | natic. | | | Then en | sued a | scene of | wo; | 7 the | like of | which | no | eye had | seen, | 7 nor | heart con | ceived, | 7 and which | no | tongue | 7 can | adequately | tell. | | | All the | horrors of, | war | 7 be | fore | known or | heard of, | 7 were | mercy, | 7 to that | new | havoc. | | | 7 A | storm of | uni | versal | fire | blasted | every | field, | 7 con | sumed | every | house, | 7 and de | stroyed | every | temple. | | | 7 The | miserable in | habitants, | | flying from their | flaming | villages, | | 7 in | part, | 7 were | slaughtered, | | others, | 7 with | out re | gard to | sex, | 7 to | age, | 7 to | rank, | 7 or | sacredness of | functions, | | fathers | torn from | children, | | husbands, | 7 from | wives, | | 7 en | veloped in a | whirlwind of | cavalry, | 7 and a | midst the | goading | spears of | drivers, | 7 and the | trampling | 7 of pur | suing | horses, | 7 were | swept into cap | tivity, | 7 in an un | known | 7 and | hostile | land. | | | Those who were | able to e | vade this | tempest, | | fled to the | walled | cities. | | | 7 But es | caping from | fire |

sword, | 7 and | exile, | 7 they | fell into the | jaws of | famine. | | |

7 For | eigh | teen | months | 7 with | out inter | mission, | | this de | struction | raged | 7 from the | gates of Ma | dras | 7 to the | gates of Tan | jore, | | 7 and | so com | pletely, | 7 did these | masters in their | art, | Hyder | Ali | 7 and his | more fe | rocious | son, | 7 ab | solve themselves | 7 of their | impious | vow, | 7 that | when the | British | armies | traversed, | 7 as they | did, | 7 the Car | natic, | 7 for | hundreds of | miles | 7 in | all di | rections; | | through the | whole | line of their | march, | 7 they | did not | see | one | man, | | 7 not | one | woman, | | 7 not | one | child, | | 7 not | one | four footed | beast, | 7 of | any des | cription | 7 what | ever. | | | One | dead | uniform | silence | | reigned | 7 over the | whole | region. | | |

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tir'd | Nature's | sweet re | storer, | | balmy | Sleep! | |
He, | | like the | world, | 7 his | ready | visit | pays |
7 Where | Fortune | smiles; | | 7 the | wretched, | 7 he for | sakes; |
| Swift on his | downy | pinion | flies from | wo, |
7 And | lights on | lids | un | sullied with a | tear. | | |

7 From | short, | | 7 (as | usual,) | 7 and dis | turb'd re | pose, |
7 I | wake: | | 7 how | happy | they, | 7 who | wake no | more! | |
Yet | that were | vain, | 7 if | dreams | 7 in | fest the | grave. | | |

7 I | wake, | 7 e | merging from a | sea of | dreams |
7 Tu | multuous; | | where my | wreck'd | 7 des | ponding | thought |
7 From | wave to | wave | 7 of | fancy'd | misery, |
7 At | random | drove, | | 7 her | helm of | reason | lost. | | |
Tho' | now re | stored, | 7 'tis | only | change of | pain: | |
7 (A | bitter | change!) | 7 se | verer, | 7 for se | vere. | | |
7 The | day | too | short | 7 for my dis | tress; | 7 and | night, |
| Even in the | zenith | 7 of her | dark do | main, |
7 Is | sunshine, | 7 to the | colour | 7 of my | fate. | | |

Night, | sable | goddess! | 7 from her | ebon | throne, |
7 In | rayless | majesty, | now | stretches | forth |
7 Her | leaden | sceptre | 7 o'er a | slumbering | world. | | |
Silence, | | how | dead: | | 7 and | darkness, | | how pro | found! | | |
7 Nor | eye. | 7 nor | listening | ear, | 7 an | object | finds; | | |
7 Cre | ation | sleeps. | | | 'Tis as the | general | pulse |
7 Of | life | stood | still, | 7 and | Nature | made a | pause; |
7 An | awful | pause! | | 7 pro | phetic | 7 of her | end. | | |
And let her | prophecy | 7 be | soon | 7 ful | fill'd; |
| Fate! | | drop the | curtain; | | I | 7 can | lose no | more. | | |

Silence, | 7 and | Darkness! | | solemn | sisters! | | twins |

7 From | ancient | Night, | | 7 who | nurse the | tender | thought |
7 To | Reason, | 7 and on | Reason | build Re | solve, |
7 (That | column of | true | majesty | 7 in | man) |
7 As | sist me; | | I will | thank you | 7 in the | grave; | |
7 The | grave, | 7 your | kingdom; | | there | this | frame | 7 shall | fall |
7 A | victim | sacred, | 7 to your | dreary | shrine. |

MARY.

COWPER.

7 The | twentieth | year | 7 is | well nigh | past, |
7 Since | first | 7 our | sky was | over | cast, |
| Ah | would | 7 that | this | might be the | last, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 Thy | spirits | 7 have a | fainter | flow, | |
7 I | see thee | | daily | | weaker | grow, | |
7 'Twas | my dis | tress | 7 that | brought thee | low, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 Thy | needles, | | once a | shining | store, |
7 For | my | sake | restless | hereto | fore. |
Now | rust dis | us'd, | 7 and | shine no | more, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 But | well thou | play'd'st the | housewife's | part, | |
7 And | all thy | threads | 7 with | magic | art, |
7 Have | wound themselves | 7 a | round | this | heart, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 Thy | indis | tinct ex | pressions | | seem, |
7 Like | language | utter'd in a | dream, |
7 Yet | me they | charm, | 7 what | e'er the | theme, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 Thy | silver | locks | once | auburn | bright; |
7 Are | still | 7 more | lovely in | my | sight; |
7 Than | golden | beams | 7 of | orient | light, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

For could I | see, | 7 nor | them, | nor | thee, |
7 What | sight | 7 worth | seeing | could I | see? |
| 7 The | sun | 7 would | rise in | vain | 7 for | me, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 Par | takers of thy | sad de | cline, |
7 Thy | hands | 7 their | little | force | 7 re | sign, | |
Yet | gently | press'd, | press | gently | mine, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 Such | feebleness of | limbs thou | shew'st, |
7 That | now at | every | step, | 7 thou | mov'st |
7 Up | held by | two, | 7 yet | still thou | lov'st, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 And | still to | love, | 7 though | prest with | ill, |
7 In | wintry | age, | 7 to | feel no | chill, |
7 With | me | | is to be | lovely | still, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 But | ah! | 7 by | constant | heed I | know, |
7 How | oft | 7 the | sadness | 7 that I | shew, |
7 Trans | forms thy | smiles | 7 to | looks of | wo, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

7 And | should my | future | lot | 7 be | cast |
7 With | much re | semblance of the | past, |
7 Thy | worn | out | heart | 7 will | break | 7 at | last, |
7 My | Mary. | | |

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

IN CONGRESS, JULY 4, 1776.

When, | 7 in the | course of | human e | vents, | 7 it be | comes | necessary, | 7 for | one | people | 7 to dis | solve the po | litical | bands | which have con | nected them | 7 with an | other, | | 7 and to as | sume | 7 a | mong the | powers of the | earth, | 7 the | separate | | 7 and | equal | station, | 7 to | which the | laws of | Nature | 7 and of Nature's | God | 7 en | title them, | 7 a | decent res | pect to the o | pinions of man | kind, | 7 re | quires, | 7 that they should de | clare the | causes | 7 which im | pel them | 7 to the | sepa | ration. | | |

7 We | hold | these | truths | 7 to be | self | evident; | | 7 that | all men | 7 are cre | ated | equal; | | 7 that | they are en | dowed | 7 by their Cre | ator | 7 with | certain | un | alienable | rights; | | 7 that a | mong | these, | 7 are | life, | liberty, | 7 and the pur | suit of | happiness. | | | That to se | cure | these | rights, | | governments are | instituted | 7 among | men, | 7 de | riving their | just | powers | 7 from the con | sent of the | governed; | | 7 that when | ever | any | form of | government | 7 be | comes de | structive of | these | ends, | 7 it is the | right of the | people | 7 to | alter | or to a | bolish it, | 7 and to | institute | new | government, | | laying its foun | dation | 7 on | such | principles, | 7 and | organizing its | powers | 7 in | such | form, | 7 as to | them | 7 shall | seem | most | likely | 7 to ef | fect their | safety | 7 and | happiness. | | | Prudence, | 7 in | deed, | 7 will | dictate, | 7 that | go-

vernments | long es | tablished, | 7 should | not be | changed | 7 for | light, | 7 and | transient, | causes; | | 7 and ac | cordingly | all ex | perience hath | shown, | 7 that man | kind | 7 are | more dis | posed to | suffer, | 7 while | evils are | sufferable; | 7 than to | right themselves, | 7 by a | bolishing the | forms | 7 to | which they are ac | customed | | | But when a | long | train of a | buses | 7 and | usur | pations, | 7 pur | suing | 7 in | variably | 7 the | same | object, | 7 e | vinces a de | sign | 7 to re | duce them | under | absolute | despotism, | | 7 it is their | right, | 7 it is their | duty, | 7 to | throw | off | such | government, | | 7 and to pro | vide | new | guards | 7 for their | future se | curity. | | | Such | 7 has been the | patient | sufferance | 7 of | these | colonies; | | 7 and | such is | now | 7 the ne | cessity | 7 which con | strains them | 7 to | alter their | former | systems of | government. | | | 7 The | history | 7 of the | present | king of Great | Britain | 7 is a | history | 7 of re | peated | injuries | 7 and | usur | pations, | | all | having in di | rect | object, | 7 the es | tablishment | 7 of an | absolute | tyranny | over | these | states. | | | 7 To | prove | this, | 7 let | facts be sub | mitted | 7 to a | candid | world. | | |

7 He has re | fused his as | sent to | laws, | 7 the most | wholesome and | necessary | 7 for the | public | good. | | | 7 He has for | bidden his | governors | 7 to | pass | laws | 7 of im | mediate, | 7 and | pressing im- | portance, | 7 un | less sus | pended in their | ope | ration, | 7 till | his as | sent | 7 should be ob | tained; | | 7 and | when | so sus | pended, | 7 he has | utterly neglected | 7 to at | tend to them. | | | 7 He has re | fused to | pass | other | laws, | 7 for the ac | commo | dation

of | large | districts of | people, | 7 un | less | those | people | 7 would re | linquish the | right of | represen | tation | 7 in the | Legislature, | 7 a | right | 7 in | estimable | 7 to | them, | 7 and | formidable | 7 to | tyrants | only. | | | 7 He has | called to | gether | legislative | bodies, | 7 at | places | 7 un | usual, | 7 un | comfortable, | 7 and | distant | 7 from the de | pository | 7 of their | public | records, | 7 for the | sole | purpose | 7 of fa | tiguing them | into com | pliance | 7 with his | measures. | | | 7 He has dis | solved | Repre | sentative | Houses | 7 re | peatedly, | 7 for op | posing, | 7 with | manly | firmness | 7 his in | vasions | 7 on the | rights of the | people. | | | 7 He has re | fused | 7 for a | long | time | after | such | disso | lutions, | 7 to | cause | others | 7 to be e | lected; | | 7 where | by | 7 the | legislative | powers, | 7 in | capable of an | nihi | lation, | 7 have re | turned to the | people at | large, | 7 for | their | exercise; | | 7 the | state | 7 re- | maining | 7 in the | mean | time, | 7 ex | posed to | all the | dangers of in | vasion | 7 from with | out, | 7 and con | vulsions | 7 with | in. | | | 7 He has en | deavoured | 7 to pre | vent the | popula ion of | these | states; | | | 7 for | that | purpose | 7 ob | structing the | laws for | naturali | zation of | foreigners: | | 7 re | fusing to | pass | others, | 7 to en | courage | 7 their mi | grations | hither, | 7 and | raising the con | ditions | 7 of | new ap | propri | ations of | lands. | | | 7 He has ob- | structed the | ad | minis | tration of | justice, | 7 by re | fusing his as | sent to | laws, | 7 for es | tablishing | 7 ju | diciary | powers. | | | 7 He has | made | judges de | pendent on | his | will a | lone, | 7 for the | tenure of their | offices, | 7 and the a | mount |

7 and | payment | 7 of their | salaries. | | | 7 He has e | rected a | multitude of | new | offices, | 7 and | sent | hither | swarms of | officers, | 7 to | harass our | people, | 7 and | eat out their | substance. | | | 7 He has | kept a | mong us, | 7 in | times of | peace, | standing | armies, | 7 with | out the con | sent of our | legislatures. | | | 7 He has af | fected to | render the | military | inde | pendent | of, 7 | 7 and su | perior | to, 7 | 7 the | civil | power. | | | 7 He has com | bined with | others, | 7 to sub | ject us to a | juris | diction | | foreign to our | Consti | tution, | 7 and | unac | knowledged by our | laws; | | giving his as | sent to their | acts of pre | tended | legis | lation. | | | 7 For | quartering | large | bodies of | armed | troops, | 7 a | mong us. | | | 7 For pro | tecting them, | 7 by a | mock | trial, | 7 from | punishment | 7 for any | murders | which | they should com | mit | 7 on the in | habitants of | these States. | | | 7 For | cutting | off our | trade | 7 with | all | parts of the | world: | | | 7 For im | posing | taxes on us | 7 with | out our con | sent: | | | 7 For de | priving us, | 7 in | many | cases, | 7 of the | benefits of | trial by | jury. | | | 7 For trans | porting us | 7 be | yond | seas, | 7 to be | tried | 7 for pre | tended of | fences. | | | 7 For a | bolishing the | free | system of | English | laws | 7 in a | neighbouring | province, | 7 es | tablishing | therein | 7 an | arbitrary | government, | 7 and en | larging its | boundaries, | | so as to | render it | 7 at | once | 7 an ex | ample | 7 and | fit | instrument, | 7 for intro | ducing the | same | absolute | rule | 7 into | these | colonies: | | | 7 For | taking away | 7 our | charters, | 7 a | bolishing | 7 our most | valuable | laws, | 7 and | altering | funda | mentally | 7 the | forms of our | go-

vernments: | | | 7 For sus | pending our | own | legislatures, | 7 and de | claring them | selves | 7 in | vested with | power, | 7 to | legislate | for us, | 7 in | all | cases | whatso | ever. | | | 7 He has | abdicated government | here. | by de | claring us | out of his pro | tection, | 7 and | waging | war | 7 a | gainst us. | | |

7 He has | plundered our | seas, | ravaged our | coasts, | burnt our | towns, | 7 and de | stroyed the | lives of our | people. | | | 7 He is at | this | time, | 7 trans | porting | large | armies of | foreign | mercenaries | 7 to com | plete the | works of | death, | 7 deso | lation | 7 and | tyranny, | 7 al | ready be | gun, | 7 with | circumstances of | cruelty | 7 and | perfidy, | scarcely | paralleled, | 7 in the | most | barbarous | ages, | 7 and | totally un | worthy | 7 the | head of a | civilized | nation. | | | 7 He has con | strained our | fellow | citizens, | taken | captive | 7 on the | high | seas, | 7 to | bear | arms a | gainst their | country, | 7 to be | come the | exe | cutioners | 7 of their | friends and | brethren, | 7 or to | fall them | selves | 7 by their | hands. | | | 7 He has ex | cited do | mestic | insur | rections a | mongst us. | 7 and has en | deavoured to | bring | 7 on the in | habitants of our | frontiers, | 7 the | merciless | Indian | savages, | 7 whose | known | rule of | warfare, | 7 is an | undis | tinguished de | struction, | 7 of | all | ages, | sexes, | 7 and con | ditions. | | |

7 In | every | stage | 7 of these op | pressions, | we have pe | titioned for re | dress, | 7 in the most | humble | terms. | | 7 Our re | peated | 7 pe | titions | 7 have been | answered | only by re | peated | injury. | | | 7 A | prince | 7 whose | character is | thus | marked, | 7 by | every | act which may de | fine a | tyrant, |

7 is un | fit | 7 to be | ruler | 7 of a | free | people. | | |

Nor have we been | wanting | 7 in at | tentions | 7 to our | British | brethren. | | | 7 We have | warned them, | 7 from | time to | time, | 7 of at | tempts | 7 by their | legislature, | 7 to ex | tend an un | warrantable | juris | diction | over us. | | | 7 We have re | minded them | 7 of the | circumstances | 7 of our | emi | gration | 7 and | settlement | here. | | | 7 We have ap | pealed to their | native | justice | 7 and | magna | nimity, | 7 and | we have con | jured them | by the | ties of our | common | kindred, | 7 to | disa- | vow | these | usur | pations, | | which would in | evitably | inter | rupt our con | nections | and | corres- | pondence. | | | They, | too, | 7 have been | deaf | 7 to the | voice of | justice | 7 and | consan | guinity. | | | We must | therefore | acqui | esce in the ne | cessity, | 7 which de | nounces our | sepa | ration, | 7 and | hold | them, | 7 as we | hold the | rest of man | kind, | enemies in | war; | 7 in | peace, | friends. | | |

We, | therefore, | 7 the | Repre | sentatives | 7 of the U | nited | States of A | merica, | 7 in | General | Congress | 7 as | sembled, | 7 ap | pealing | 7 to the Su | preme | Judge of the | world, | 7 for the | rectitude | 7 of our in | tentions, | Do, | 7 in the | name | and by the au | thority | 7 of the | good | People of | these | Colonies, | | solemnly | publish | 7 and de | clare, | 7 that | these U | nited | Colonies | are, | 7 and of | right | ought to be, | free | 7 and | inde | pendent | states; | | that | they are ab | solved | 7 from | all al | legiance 7 to the | British | crown, | 7 and that | all po | litical con | nection, | 7 be | tween | them | 7 and the | state of | Great | Britain, | is, | 7 and | ought to be, | totally

dis | solved; | | 7 and | that as | free | 7 and | inde | pendent | states, | 7 they have | full | power | 7 to | levy | war, | 7 con | clude | peace, | 7 con | tract al | liances, | 7 es | tablish | commerce, | 7 and to | do | all | other | acts | 7 and | things, | 7 which | inde | pendent | states | may of | right | do. | | | And for the sup | port of | this | decla | ration, | 7 with a | firm re | liance | on the pro | tection | 7 of Di | vine | Providence, | 7 we | mutually | pledge to each | other, | 7 our | lives, | 7 our | fortunes, | 7 and our | sacred | honour. | | |

THE END.

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